

30 MILLION PEOPLE READ SICK*

\$1.50

NUMBER 1

SICK

SPECIAL

CHARLTON
PUBLICATIONS

BURP
ROGERS

KREAMER
VS.
KREAMER

SINUS
THE URK



ACCORDING TO ETHER SALESMEN*

SICK PROCLAIMS IT'S PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITE!

INSIDE
BACK
COVER



QUICK!
TURN THE
PAGES!

SICK SPECIAL

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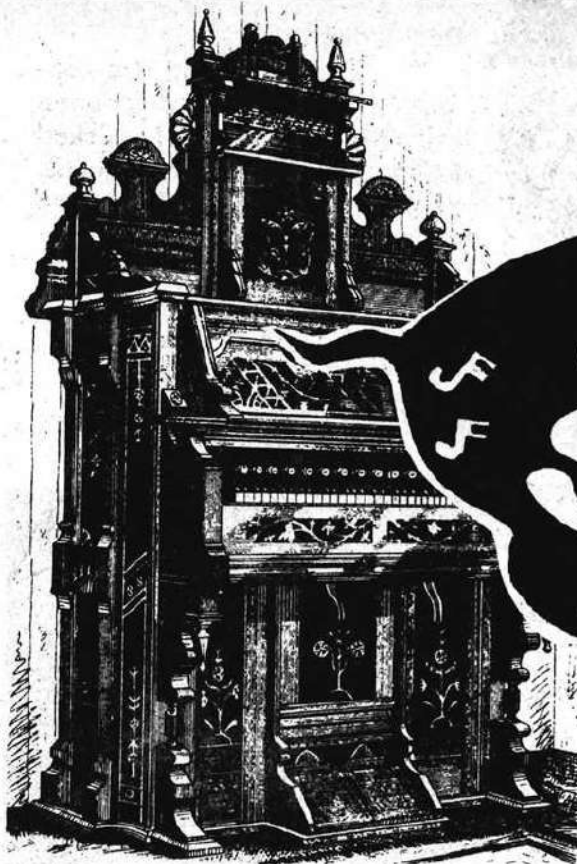
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SICK SCRAWLS!

Dear Sick Sickies,

Star Wrek was great, Adam Kane is one of the best. The script was entertaining as was the rest of the magazine. I've always enjoyed Sick, keep up the good work. Charlton pub. and Sick have a fan for life.

A hooked sickie,
Steve Chaleff
Brooklyn, NY

Dear Steve,

You deserve life, Steve, without parole!

Th' Editor



Jack Sparling
Sick Magazine
Charlton Building
Derby, CT 06418

Enclosed is an April Fools issue of our newspaper. If you were to offer me a job with Sick including a huge salary, I would probably think about it.

Michael Redman
Bloomington, IN

Dear Sick,

I've just bought your June issue. I just loved Star Wrek! But that was nothing compared to Crapper John M.D.! I have three issues of Sick now. I've been collecting them since Feb. 3rd. Oh, I forgot to ask you, How do you think MAD and CRAZY and CRACKED are selling? Are they better than Sick?

Jay Poole
Knightdale, NC

Dear Jay,

They may be better but they're not as sick. You're kind of a wise guy, aren't you, Jay Poole!

Th' Editor



Dear Michael,

If we were to offer you a job with a huge salary, we would obviously be MAD, but it's bad enough just being SICK, so stop thinking about it!

Th' Editor

Big Bosses,

Right now I'm working on a ugly duckling type Superhero that I thought you might like to run as a story every other month or it could be used as a mascot for your mag but I just notice you have a "Little boy knight and his donkey" mascot.

I ain't say what my characters name is or what he does but I will say this, us teenagers when they see him will be proud that we don't look anything like it, him, her.

Now the question is. Are sick readers happy with the mascot Sick magazine got now or are they rioting for a new one?

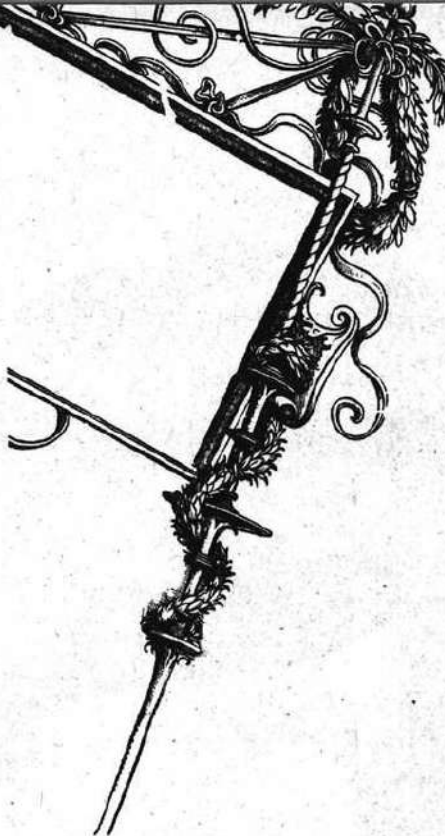
May the farce be with you!

Michael Hoffman
Bath, PA

Dear Michael,

Our readers riot at the drop of a hat. Your ugly duckling Superhero will probably send them up the wall and around the bend at the same time, causing what is sometimes referred to as the 'dworped' effect, which is a spectacle in itself, let me tell you!

Th' Editor



Dear Editor:

Politics are a 2 on 1 to 10 scale of funny! You can dress those clowns any way you want and they ain't funny! Funny cover but very un-funny clowns. When you think of the men we've elected in the last twenty-five years, it makes you shudder. The distance between promise and performance is several light years. The Congress alone is mind-boggling. Fifty-plus men lining their pockets at the expense of the country. I could go on and on, but I' sure you get my drift.

Warmest Regards to Sick,
Cecil P. Sumpner
Boston, Ma.

Dear Cecil:

A disturbed citizen is a voting citizen . . . now if enough of you fellows can get together . . . who knows, maybe you can vote the rascals out.

Th' Editor

Dear Editor:

Your Sick Magazine is a contagious disease. My son began bringing it home after he picked up the disease from his friends. Now the whole family is disease ridden! Sick! Sick! Sick!

A plague is on our house.

Frita Planter
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Frita:

Don't get well.

Th' Editor



Dear Sick:

I was unable to find "Sick" on my news-stand, a worthy tipster of our nervous times. But I did find . . . "How to Cremate Yourself" . . . "Government Economics, and Other Fables" . . . "Outer Space for Rent" . . . and last and least, "Fossil Fuels are Fun" plain exasperated!

Distressed,
Mary McWorthy
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mary:

Sorry about the inconvenience. You could subscribe, thus doing away with foraging for "Sick."

Th' Editor

Once again we were able to get our hands on the **ORIGINAL** version of a hit movie! Let's see what might have appeared on the screen, if some chicken editor hadn't rewritten the first draft of...

KREAMER vs.

KREAMER

Kreamer vs. Kreamier is the story of a typical American family struggling to survive...

Dad, can you play with me?

I'm busy... ask your mother!

Mom, can you play with me?

I'm busy... play with yourself!

I don't know how!

Ask your father — he's an expert!

STORY BY KASHDAN
ART BY SPARKLING

What's that supposed to mean?

Nothing, dear — except it wasn't exactly me you played with on our wedding night!

And every night since!

Grrr... what does it take to get a rise out of you two?

Your son is wrecking the house!

He's your son too!

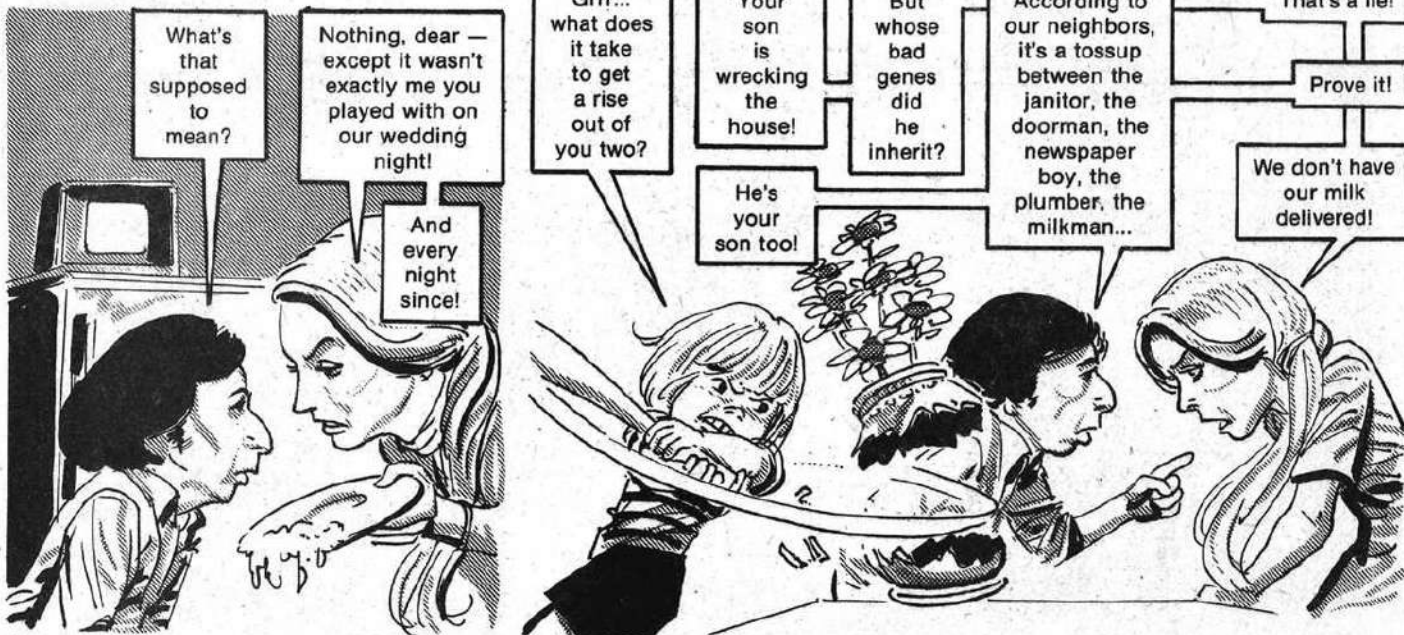
But whose bad genes did he inherit?

According to our neighbors, it's a tossup between the janitor, the doorman, the newspaper boy, the plumber, the milkman...

That's a lie!

Prove it!

We don't have our milk delivered!



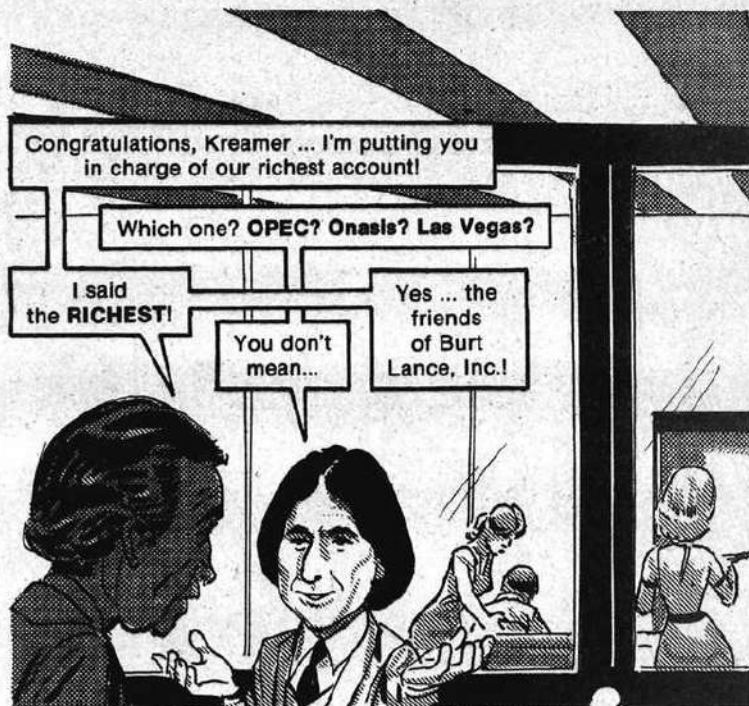


I love you...
I love you...
I love you...

Mom, could
you do me
a favor?

Anything ... I
love you...
I love you...

Please fix
my
phonograph!
The needle's
stuck on
some crazy
dame saying
"I love you!"



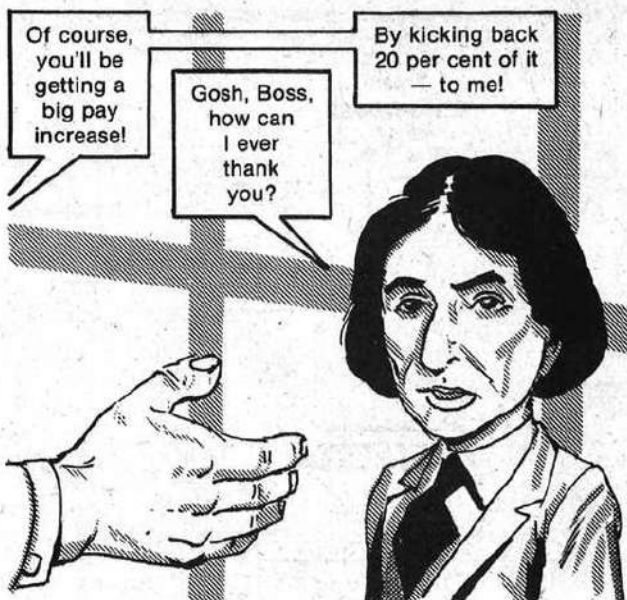
Congratulations, Kreamer ... I'm putting you
in charge of our richest account!

Which one? OPEC? Onasis? Las Vegas?

I said
the **RICHEST**!

You don't
mean...

Yes ... the
friends
of Burt
Lance, Inc.!



Of course,
you'll be
getting a
big pay
increase!

Gosh, Boss,
how can
I ever
thank
you?

By kicking back
20 per cent of it
— to me!



Let's celebrate,
Kreamer ... we'll
find us a pair
of swinging
chicks!

No,
thanks,
Boss...
my wife
swings
better
than any
of them!

Really? In
what way?

With a baseball
bat — if I arrive
home five minutes
late!



Good news,
Joanna!
I got a
promotion!

I'm
leaving
you,
Ted!

And a
big
raise!

Ted, I'm
leaving
you!

I'll be
so busy
now,
you'll
hardly
ever see
me!

Bribery
won't
work!

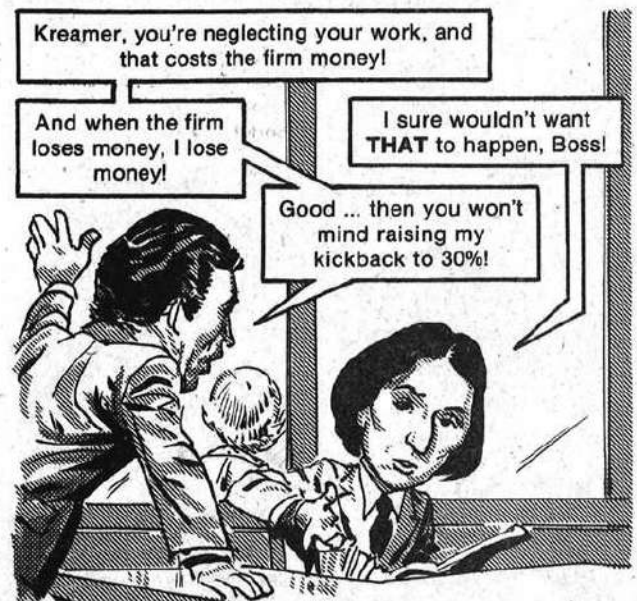
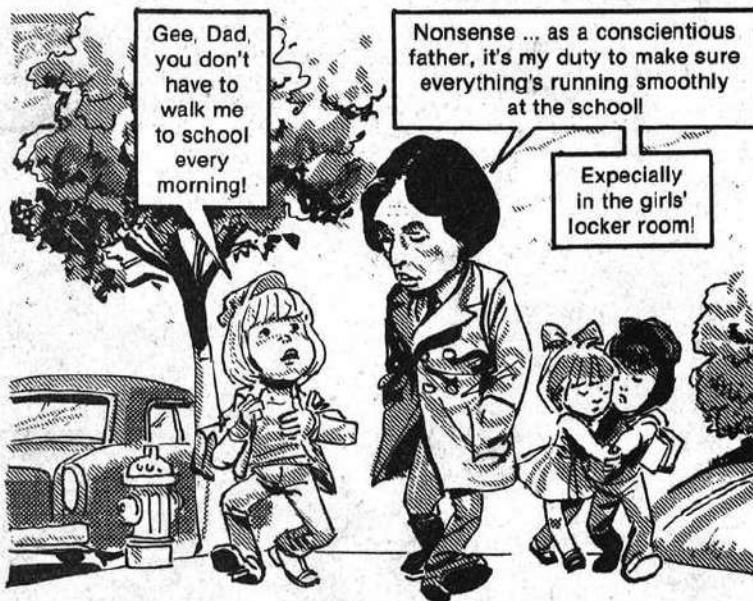


Look at it
this way...
you'll never
have to see
my suffering
face again!

Then
promise
me one
thing!

What?

That you'll
put that in
writing!





I've got to leave now!

What's the rush? It's only two o'clock!

That leaves me just enough time to find another John and retrieve my 100 bucks!



EEEEK! How dare you spy on us?

I wasn't spying! I was gathering data for a report to my sex education class!

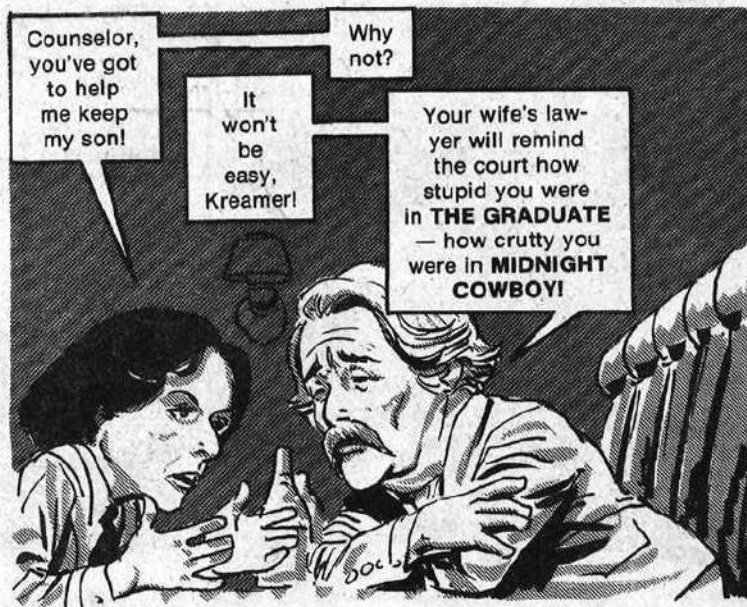


Why did you return, Joanna?

I want my son back!

Oh, yeah? Over my dead body!

It's a deal!

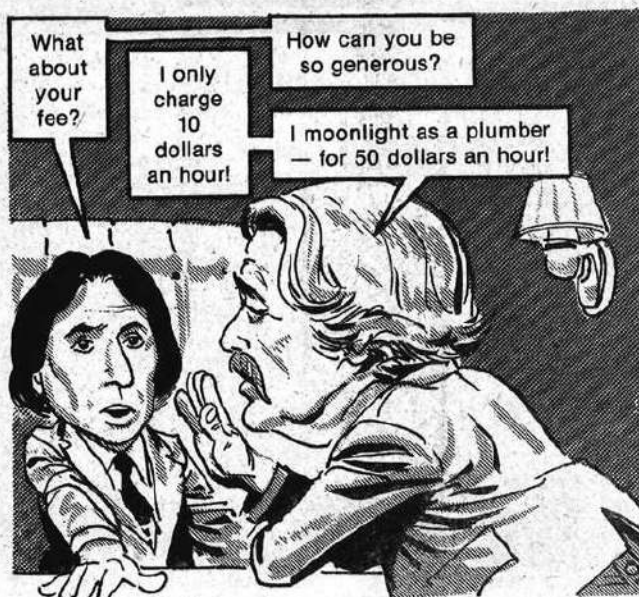


Counselor, you've got to help me keep my son!

Why not?

It won't be easy, Kreamer!

Your wife's lawyer will remind the court how stupid you were in **THE GRADUATE** — how cruddy you were in **MIDNIGHT COWBOY**!



What about your fee?

I only charge 10 dollars an hour!

How can you be so generous?

I moonlight as a plumber — for 50 dollars an hour!

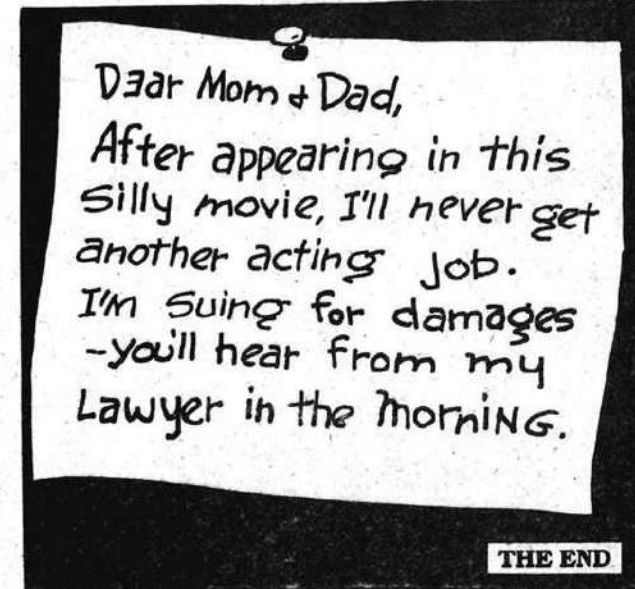
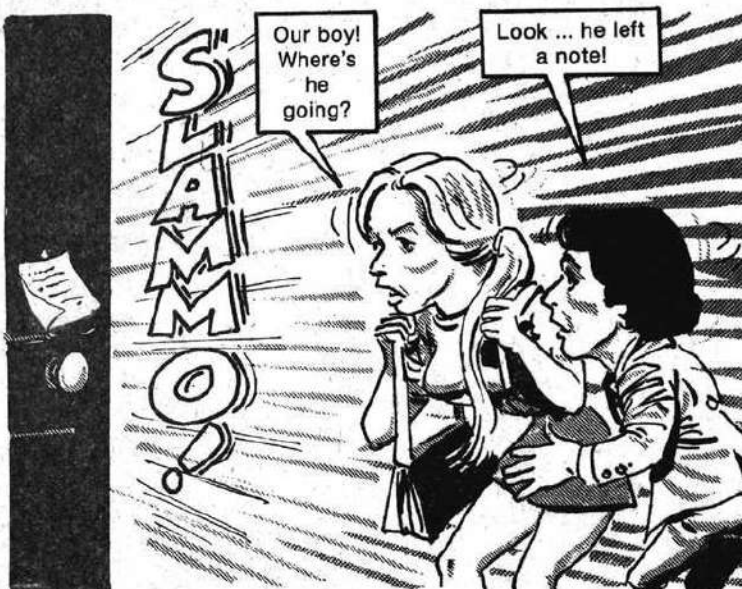
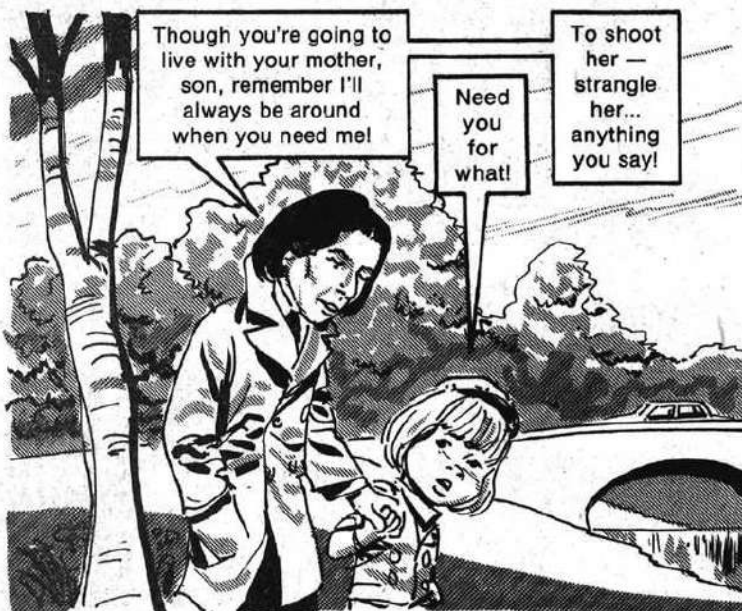
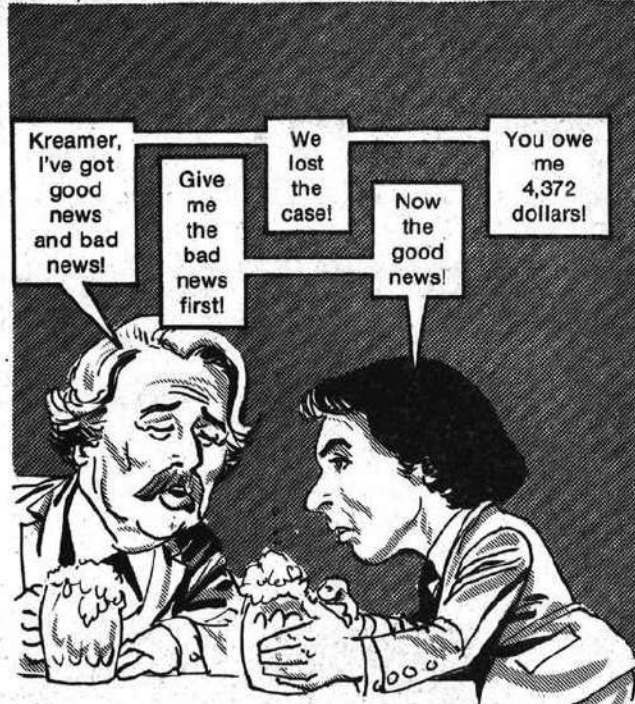
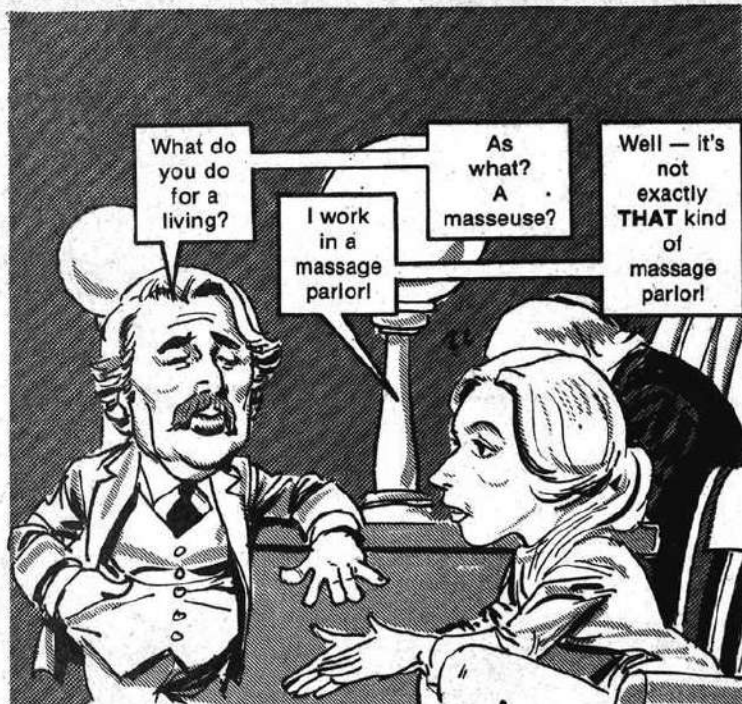


Mrs. Kreamer, why did you desert your son?

Why do you want him back?

He's spoiled rotten! He's violent! He's so dirty, his smell nauseates me!

A mother's love!



DIAL-A-WHICH?

THE POOR STARVING PHONE COMPANY HAS HAD TO INVENT ALL KINDS OF NEW, SUPER-PROFITABLE SCHEMES TO MAKE A BUCK. NOW YOU CAN DIAL-A- JOKE, DIAL-A-SPORT, DIAL -A-HOROSCOPE, ETC. HERE ARE A FEW OF OUR OWN ETCETERAS!

Dial-A-Crook

IF YOU ARE CONSIDERING AN ILLEGAL CRIME, HERE ARE SOME HELPFUL HINTS FROM AN EXPERT.

HELLO THERE, EAGER CRIME FANS--THIS IS YOUR FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL, JOHN MITCHELL, WITH A FEW TIPS ON PLANNING BREAK-INS. NEVER USE CUBAN REFUGEES, EXCEPT TO MAKE CIGARS!

ALSO--STAY AWAY FROM EX -CIA AGENTS WITH WIDE STARING EYES WHO ARE ALWAYS WHISPERING, "KILL! KILL! KILL!"

IF YOU WANT TO BUG YOUR ENEMIES ROOMS, USE A COCK-ROACH---THEY NEVER TALK! SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN TOMORROW, WARDEN PERMITTING!



Dial-A-Rage!

WE ALL NEED A CHANCE TO DUMP OUR EXCESS RAGE! BUT HOW TO DO IT WITHOUT GETTING BOPPED IN THE NOSE BY THE OBJECT OF OUR ANGER...HERE'S HOW!

HELLO, DEAR, THIS IS YOUR TELEPHONE WIFE, WHERE HAVE I FAILED YOU DARLING?

WHERE? I'LL TELL YOU WHERE, YOU DINGBAT!

YOU'RE A NAG AND A BORE!

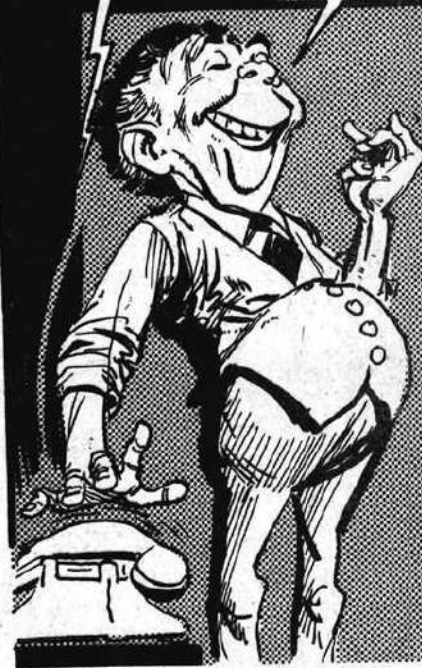
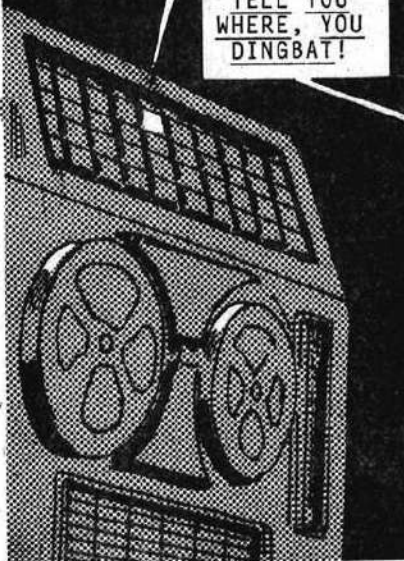
FORGIVE ME, SWEETIE!

A QUEEN-SIZED PRUDE A SUPER-NERD!

YOU ARE SO RIGHT, MY LOVE!

I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN, PRECIOUS!

THERE, THAT FEELS BETTER!



Dial-A-Torture!

WHEN IT'S GET-EVEN TIME FOR ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE RAT FINKS, DON'T YOU WISH YOU KNEW THE SECRETS OF THOSE MEDIEVAL PUBLIC TORTURERS? WELL-----HERE THEY ARE!

WELCOME TO DIAL-A-TORTURE! (HEE-HEE!) THIS IS---GENERAL IDIOT ANDMEAN, IN MY SUB-BASEMENT PLAYROOM! (HYAR-HYAR!) TODAY I'M GOING TO SHARE WITH YOU--

--ONE OF MY OLD GRANDMOTHER'S FAVORITE RECIPES (MYUK! HYUK!) YOU'LL NEED SOME POINTED BAMBOO SLIVERS---

--OR USE DIRTY TOOTH BRUSHES INSTEAD!

I WON'T TELL YOU THE REST OF THIS TORTURE! THAT'S MY FAVORITE TORTURE! (HYARRRR! HYARRRR)

Dial-Cheer!

WE'ALL NEED SOMEONE TO TELL US HOW GREAT WE ARE! HERE'S THE CHEAPEST WAY TO DO IT!

IT'S HARD TO SAY HOW GREAT I THINK YOU ARE! YOU'RE--DYNAMIC AND FASCINATING!

KEEP GOING!

YOU'RE STIMULATING AND SOPHISTICATED!

YOU REALLY KNOW ME!

HANDSOME, WITTY--AND TALL!

ALL RIGHT, CUT THE CRAP, WISEGUY!

Dial-A-High!

ASIDE FROM YOUR KID BROTHER (OR SISTER), HERE'S THE ONLY LEGAL DOPE IN TOWN!

DIG IT FELLOW HEADS!
THIS IS MACK JIGGER
OF THE ROYALLY STONED
ROCK GROUP! I'M GO-
ING TO...

...GET YOU HIGHER
THAN A HANK AARON FLY!
ON NOTHING BUT WORDS!
OKAY--YOU'RE FLOATIN'
THROUGH SPACE, NOW--

-- OUT AMONG THE
STARS LISTENING
TO THE MUSIC OF
THE HEAVENLY
SPHERES!

YEAH, MAN!
LIKE THIS IS
THE COOLEST!

I FORGOT TO TELL
YOU, TURKEY! YOU
ALSO GET THE
GENUINE DRUG
HORRORS!



Dial-A-Copout!

LATE FOR WORK?
PLAYING HOOKEY?
FORGET SOMEONE'S
BIRTHDAY?
HERE'S ALL YOU
NEED!

READY FOR YOUR DAILY
COPOUTS, KIDDO? HERE
ARE SOME GOOD-AS-GOLD
EXCUSES!

I WAS CHASED BY A
TWO-HEADED WEREWOLF!

NOT BAD!

I WAS KICKED BY A
RUNAWAY MERRY-GO
ROUND HORSE!

EVEN BETTER!

BITTEN BY A RABIED
BUTTERFLY!

SENSATIONAL!

DEAR TELEPHONE COMPANY:
I CANNOT PAY MY BILL
THIS MONTH, AS I WAS
BITTEN BY A RABIED
BUTTERFLY. WILL CONTACT
YOU WHEN FOAMING STOPS.
SINCERELY...

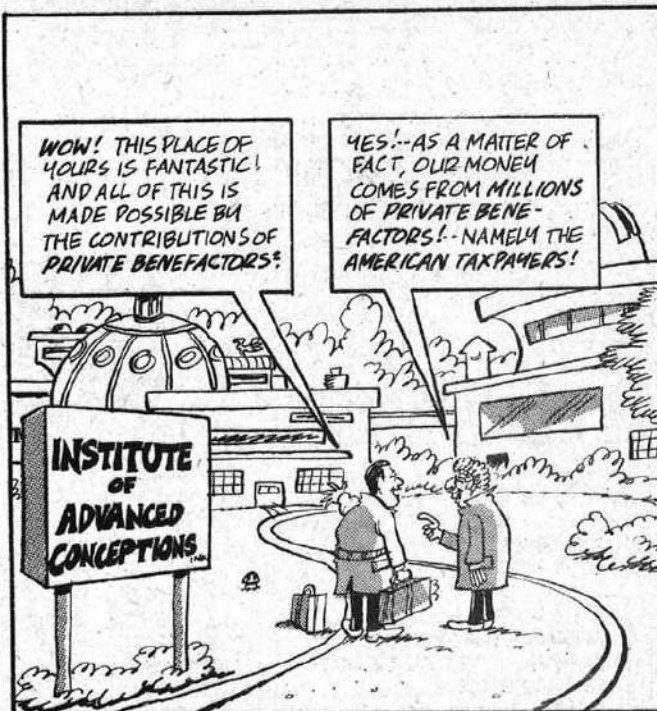


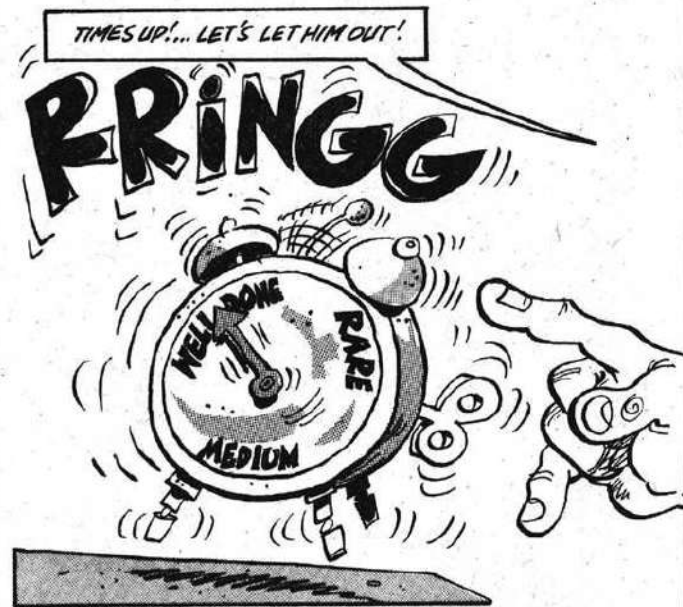
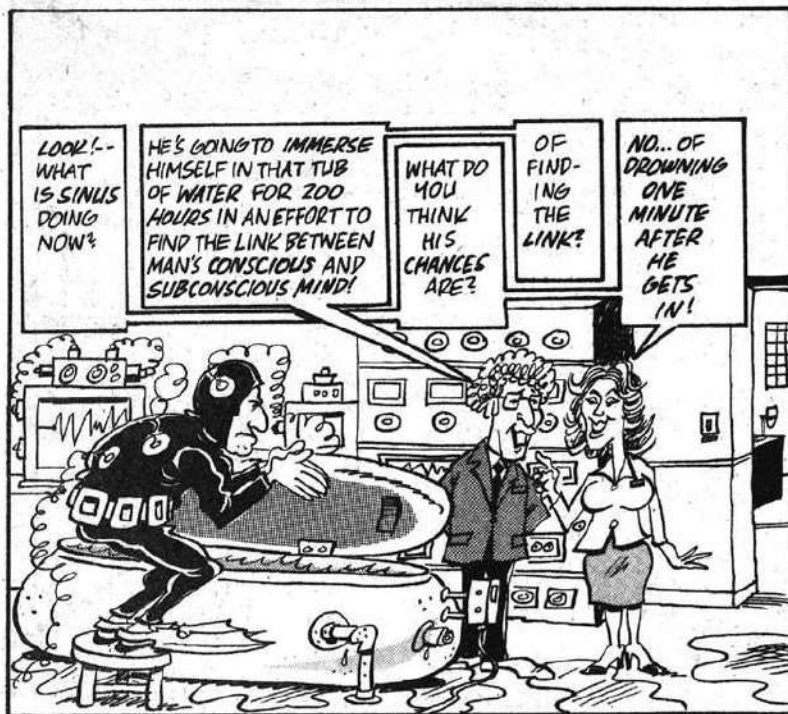
MANY PEOPLE TODAY THINK THAT SCIENTISTS MAY WELL HAVE THE ABILITY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD... AND DEPENDING ON THE GOOD OR EVIL INTENTIONS OF THOSE SAID SCIENTISTS, SO WILL BE THE WAY OF OUR EXISTENCE!... BUT NEVER FEAR, BECAUSE THESE SCIENTISTS ARE... GUESS WHAT!... THAT'S RIGHT--HUMAN BEINGS!!! AND WE ALL KNOW THAT NO MATTER HOW SMART A HUMAN BEING IS THERE'S A FAIRLY GOOD CHANCE THAT HE'LL SOONER OR LATER MAKE A NICE BIG BOTCH OF THINGS!... AS WE SEE HERE IN...

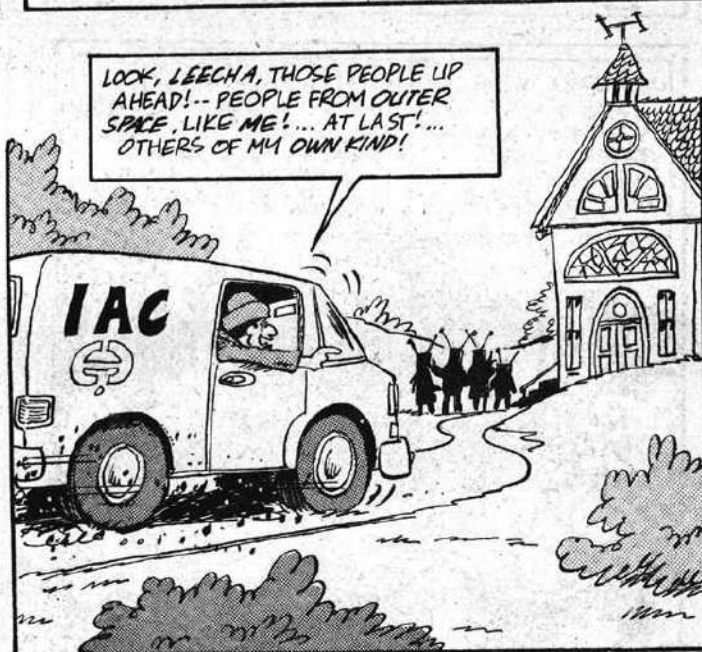
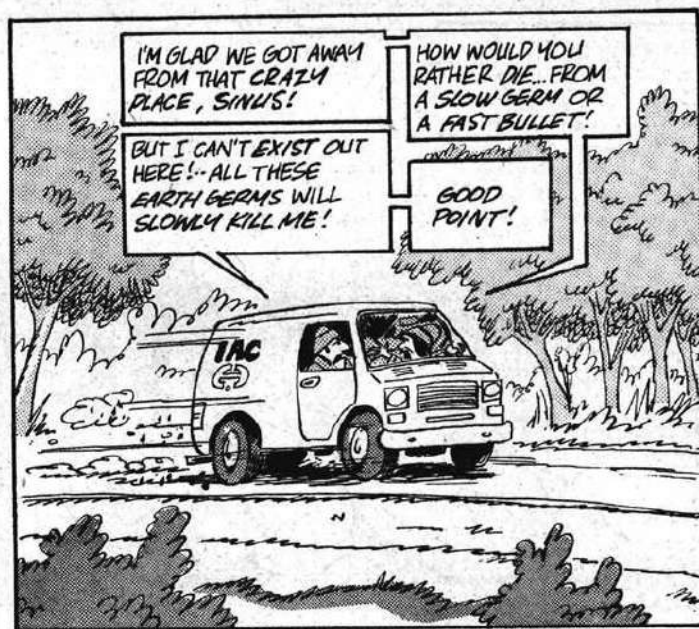
SINUS

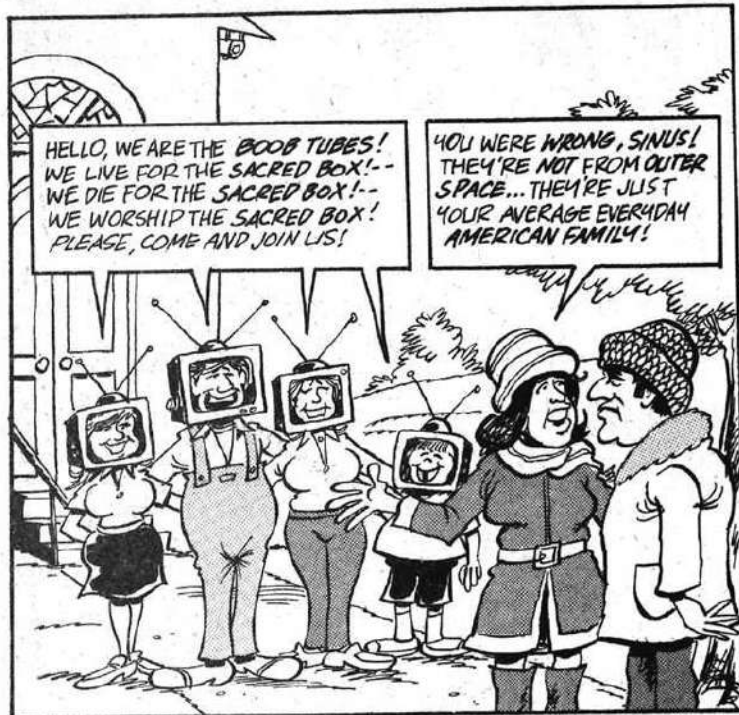
WRITTEN & DRAWN BY ADAM V. KANE











M.I.S.H. M.A.S.H.

MOST INSULTING SHOW HASSLING MOBILE ARMY SURGICAL HOSPITALS



SHORTLY, IN MAJ. BOOKBURNER'S TENT....



I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU, RANK!
IT'S ABOUT CORP. KLINKER!

YES! YES, MARGERINE!
BUT JUST STAND THERE!
I WANT TO ALWAYS RE-
MEMBER YOU AS YOU
ARE NOW!

THAT DEGENERATE
IS A THREAT TO
THE NATION!
I HAVE A PLAN TO
SAVE AMERICA!
MY TENT! TEN
TONIGHT!

YES! (SMACK)
YES! (SMACK)
FOR THE GOOD
OF THE
NATION!



THEN AS THEY BOTH LEAVE....

YOU HEARD,
SECRET
AGENT B-1?
IT'S HIGH
TREASON!

NO IT'S LOW
INTELLIGENCE!
BUT WE'LL
SCREW THEM UP
FOR THE GOOD
OF THE NATION!



WE NEED YOUR
HELP IN A
SLIGHTLY ILL-
LEGAL
ACTION
SIDECAR!

SORRY, CAPT. KRAPPER!
I AM A TOTAL INNOCENT
AND COULD NEVER
PARTICIPATE IN ANYTHING
CRIMINAL!



NOT EVEN IF IT WOULD
MAKE LIFE HELL--
EXCUSE ME!--HECK FOR
HOT-HIPS AND MAJ.
BOOKBURNER?

WHERE ARE THEY? POINT
ME AT THEM, THOSE
ROTTEN, LOUSY MOTHER--

I THINK
WE HIT
A
NERVE
DOCTOR!





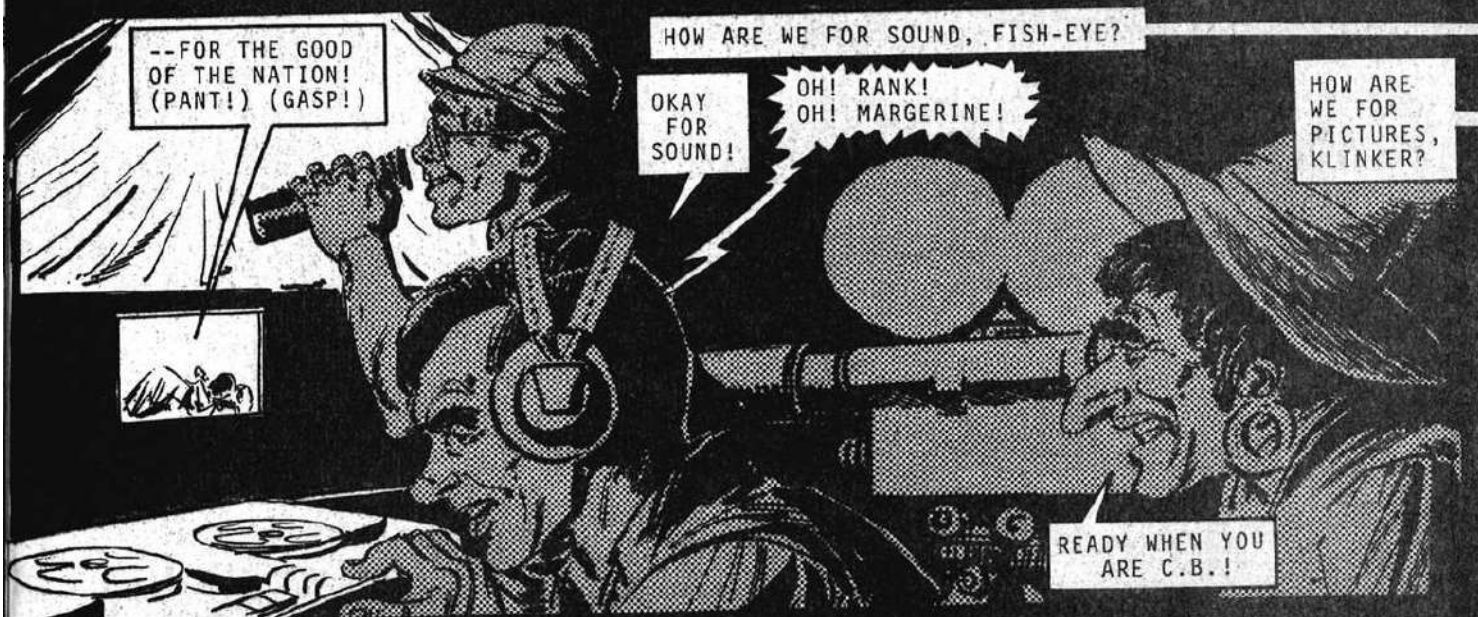
OH, I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE HERE,
RANK! WE'VE GOT
SO MUCH TO DO
--FOR THE GOOD
OF THE NATION!

RIGHT! (PANT) WE
HAVE TO FEEL
OUT THE SUBVER-
SIVES, NO
MATTER THE COST!



WE MUST BARE
THE ENTIRE
PLOT! (PANT!)

RIGHT! (GASP!)
EXPOSE
EVERYTHING!
BECAUSE
IT IS ALL---



--FOR THE GOOD
OF THE NATION!
(PANT!) (GASP!)

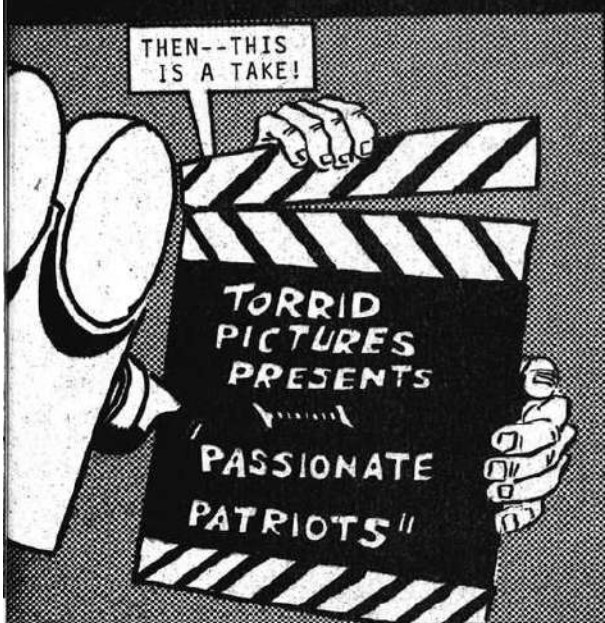
HOW ARE WE FOR SOUND, FISH-EYE?

OKAY
FOR
SOUND!

OH! RANK!
OH! MARGERINE!

HOW ARE
WE FOR
PICTURES,
KLINKER?

READY WHEN YOU
ARE C.B.!



THEN--THIS
IS A TAKE!

TORRID
PICTURES
PRESENTS
PASSIONATE
PATRIOTS



SIDECAR, YOU
CAN'T SHOOT
MOVIES WITH-
OUT LIGHTS

THIS IS NIGHT-FIGHTING
EQUIPMENT, SIR! YOU
CAN'T SEE THE LIGHT
FROM THAT FLOODLAMP,
BUT THE FILM CAN!

OH, MY GOD, MARGERINE----
YOU'RE SO P--P--PATRIOTIC

CUT!

C--CUT?

GOOD GRIEF
WE'VE BEEN
BUGGED!

FORGET IT, MARGERINE!
THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN
ESCAPE INSECTS IN S.E.
ASIA!



THE NEXT DAY..

COL. POTTY,
I DEMAND
YOU DO
SOMETHING
WITH
CORP.
KLINKER!

I CAN'T
MARGERINE!
MY WIFE
WON'T
LET ME!



AT LEAST MAKE HIM TAKE
OFF HIS WOMEN'S CLOTHES!

I CAN'T
MAJOR
MY WIFE
WON'T
LET ME!



OOOO! YOU'RE
INFURIATING!
GO KISS A
HORSE'S
PATOOTIE!

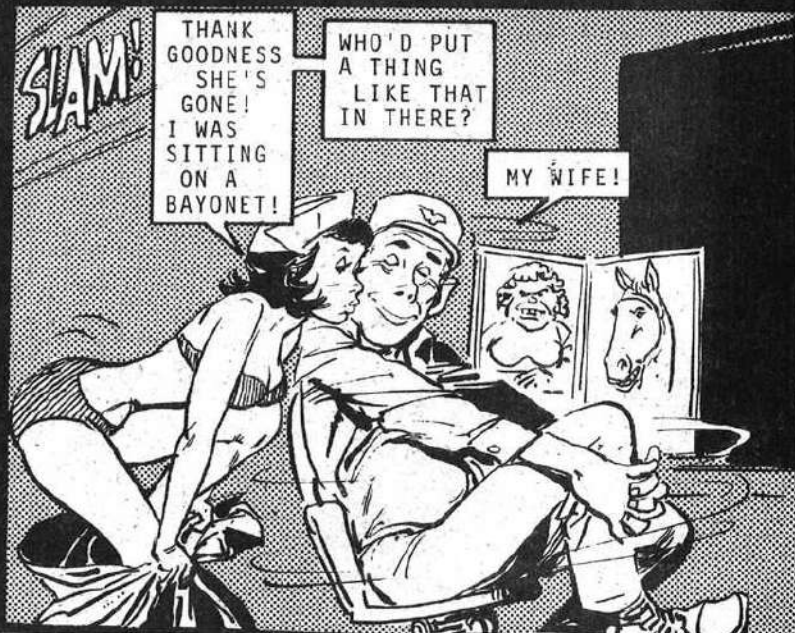
I CAN'T,
MARGERINE!
MY HORSE
WON'T LET
ME!



THANK
GOODNESS
SHE'S
GONE!
I WAS
SITTING
ON A
BAYONET!

WHO'D PUT
A THING
LIKE THAT
IN THERE?

MY WIFE!



ATTENTION! INCOMING
WOUNDED! PREPARE
OPERATING ROOM!
MOVE POOL TABLES
OUT AND OPERATING
TABLES IN!

IN THE O.R.,
FUN-LOVING BOYS
AND GIRLS
BECOME A
WELL-OILED
MACHINE!

I WISH THEY
WOULDN'T GET
SO WELL
OILED BEFORE
THEY OPERATE!

DOWN BY THE OLD
PILL STREAM.....

DOC, WHEN YOU'RE DONE,
WILL I BE ABLE TO PLAY
THE VIOLIN?

YOU
BET
SON!

THAT'S
FUNNY,
I COULD
NEVER
PLAY
THE
VIOLIN
BEFORE!

THIS WILL BE
KRAPPER'S
FOURTH
TOUGUE-ECTOMY
THIS WEEK!

RANK! GEN. DIMBULB
IS ARRIVING TO
INSPECT THE CAMP!
DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT THIS MEANS?

YES, I COULD
GET COURT
MARTIALED! I
HAVEN'T
SWEEPED UNDER
MY BED IN A
WEEK!

WE'LL STEER THE GENERAL
TO KLINKER'S TENT!
WHEN HE SEES HIM IN
GARTERBELT AND BRA,
IT'S CURTAINS FOR
KLINKER!

I DIDN'T
THINK
ENLISTED
MEN WERE
ENTITLED
TO
CURTAINS
IN THEIR
TENT!



LATER..

GENERAL
DIMBULB,
WELCOME
TO
MISH-MASH!

WHAT'S THAT? WOULD
I LIKE A SPLASH?
WELL, I NEVER
REFUSE A FRIENDLY
DRINK!



NO TIME FOR THAT, GENERAL! THERE'S
A SUBVERSIVE, DEGENERATE INFLUENCE
IN THIS COMPANY!

OH THERE IS, EH? WELL
I'M A SPECIALIST AT
FERRETTING OUT THOSE
COMMIE RATS!



IT'S NOT A
COMMIE,
IT'S
SOMETHING
WORSE!

WORSE?! GOOD GRIEF! BE RIGHT
WITH YOU! BUT I NEED MY
ADJUTANT TO TAKE NOTES!

SARGENT
PEPPER!

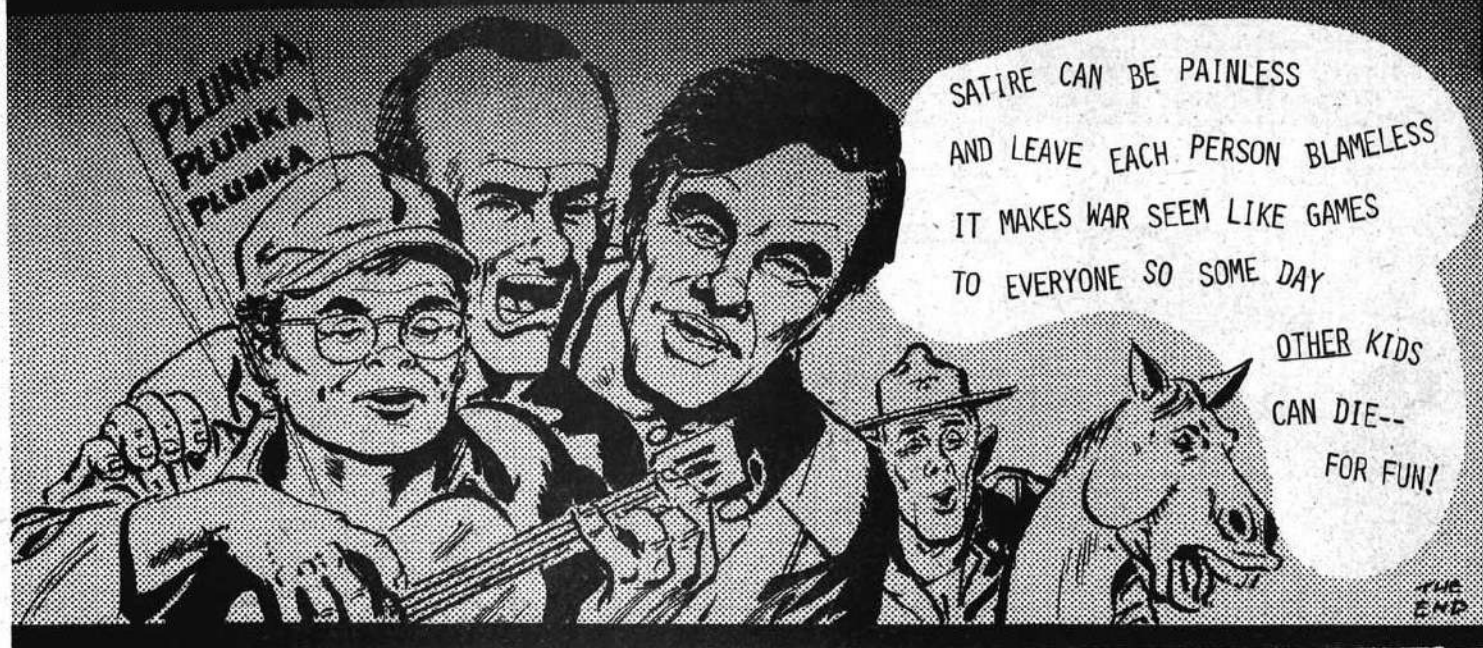
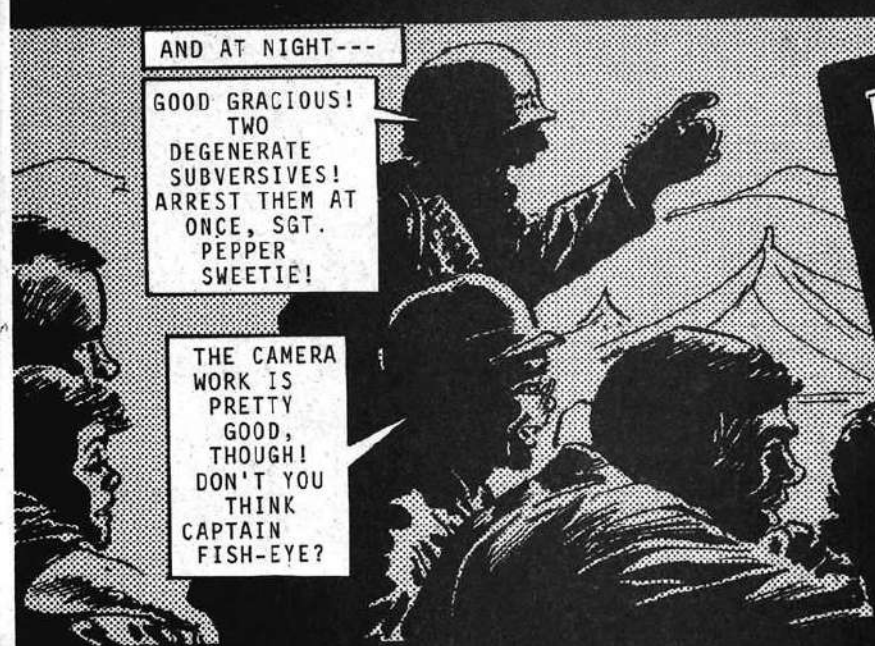


FORGET THE
SARGENT.
SIR! TIME
IS RUNNING
OUT!

I NEVER INVESTIGATE
ANYTHING WITHOUT
MY ADJUTANT!

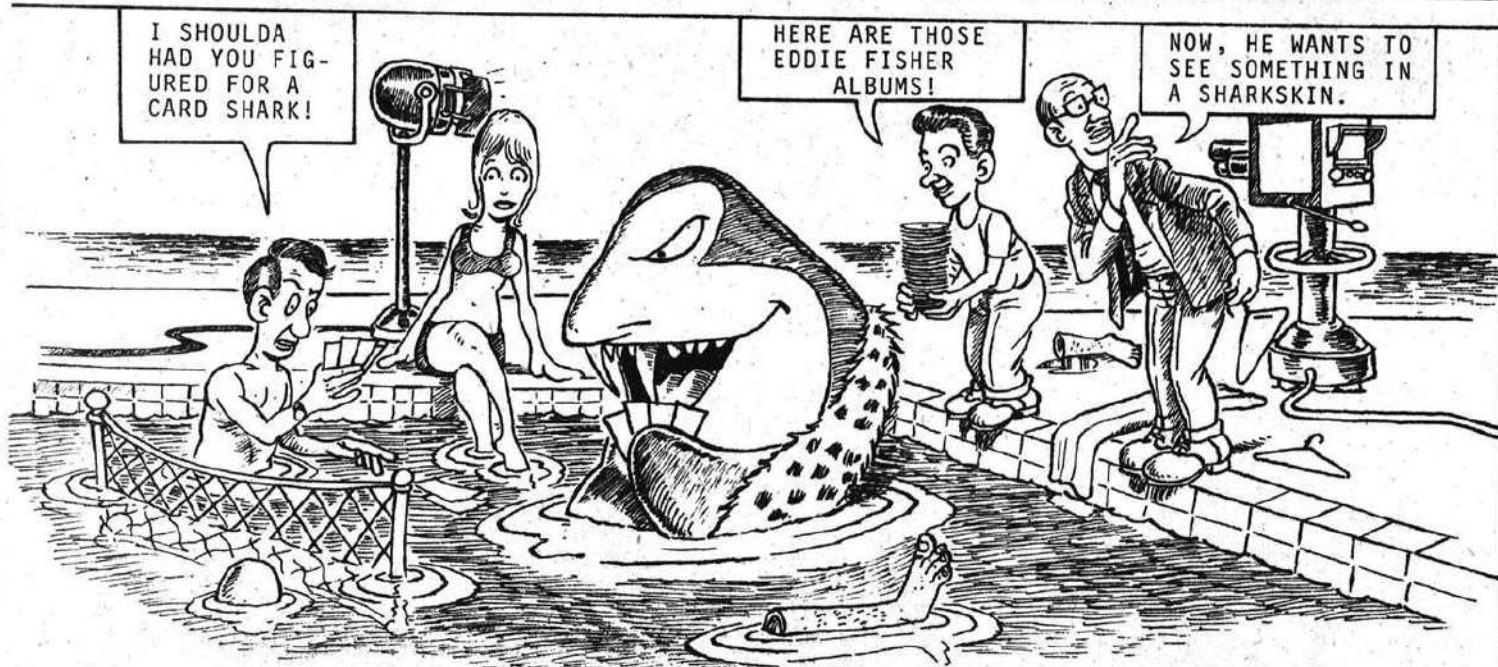
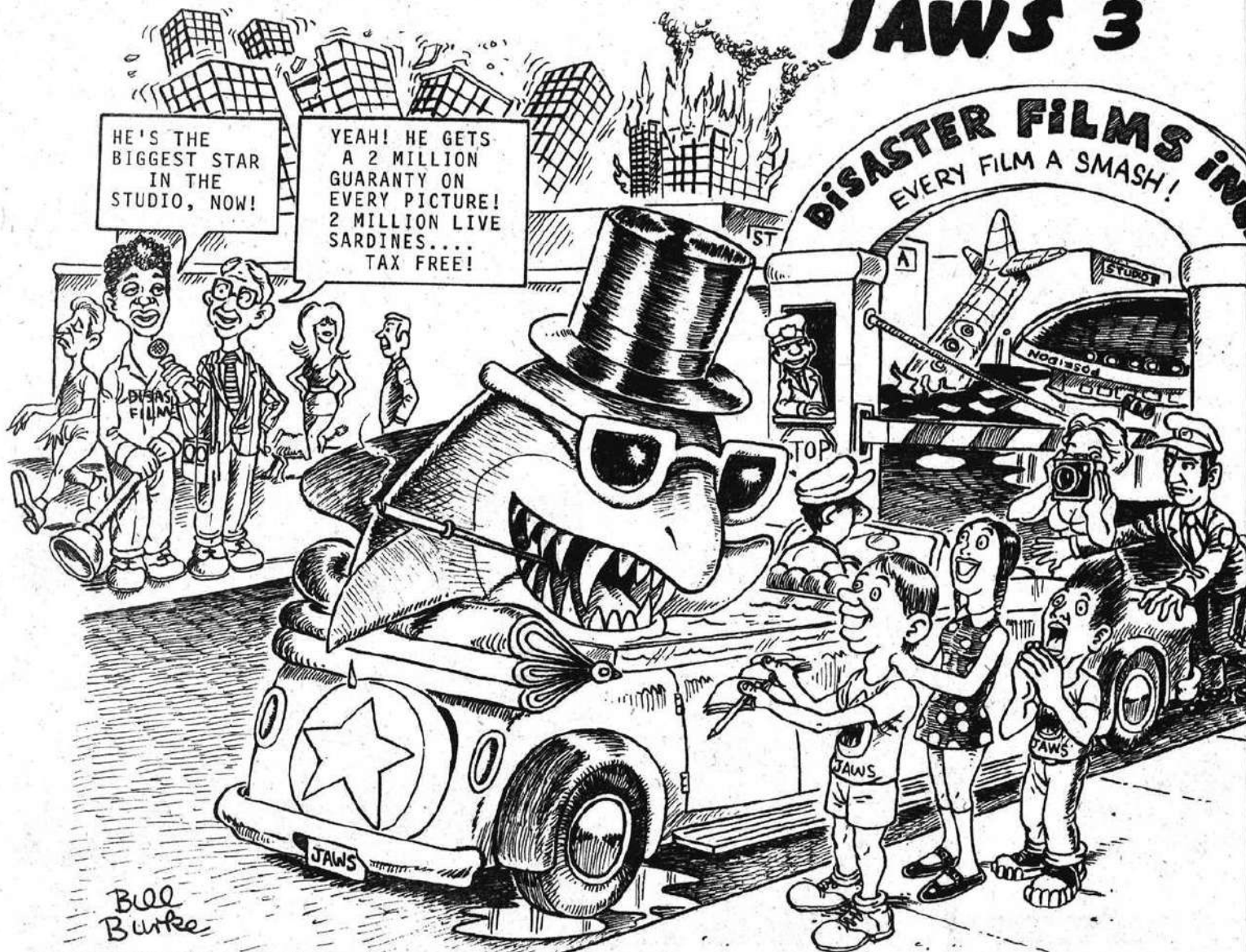
SGT. PEPPER!
ON THE
DOUBLE!

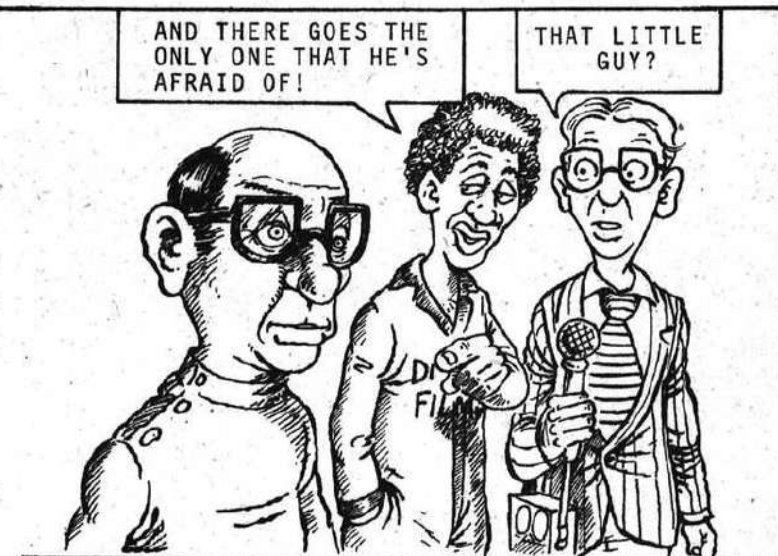
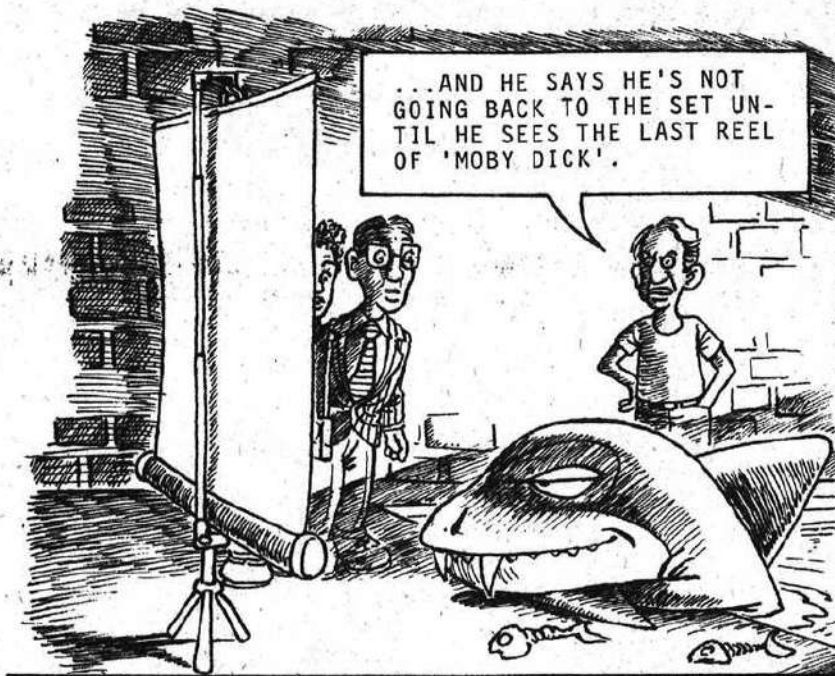




SICK

TAKES YOU ON THE SET OF **JAWS 3**



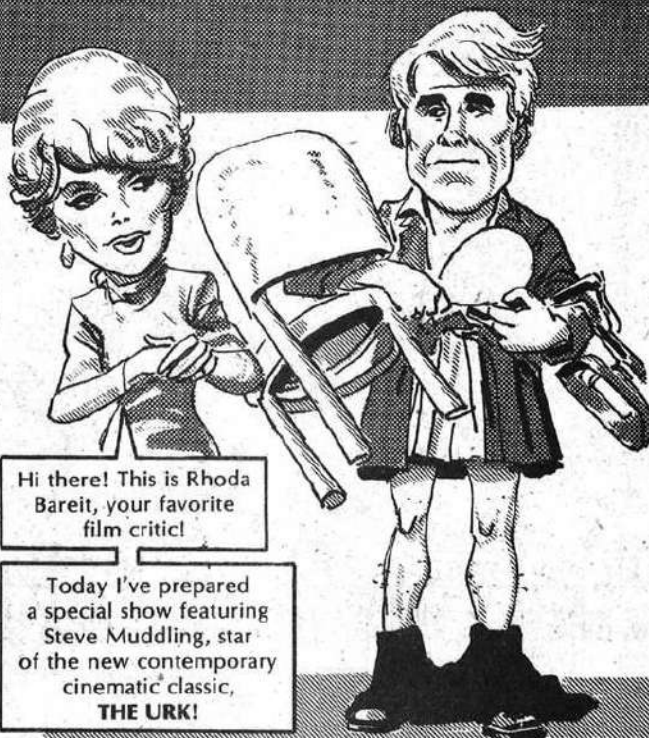


When Hollywood produces an intellectual movie, the pundits usually come out in force to give their unique analyses. So it's no wonder that the learned community responded mightily to that masterpiece of subtle, intelligent, high comedy...

THE URK

Hi there! This is Rhoda Bareit, your favorite film critic!

Today I've prepared a special show featuring Steve Muddling, star of the new contemporary cinematic classic, **THE URK!**



Steve has come to hear an interpretation of the movie by three scholars, each with a radically different viewpoint!

Afterward we'll hear Steve's reaction!



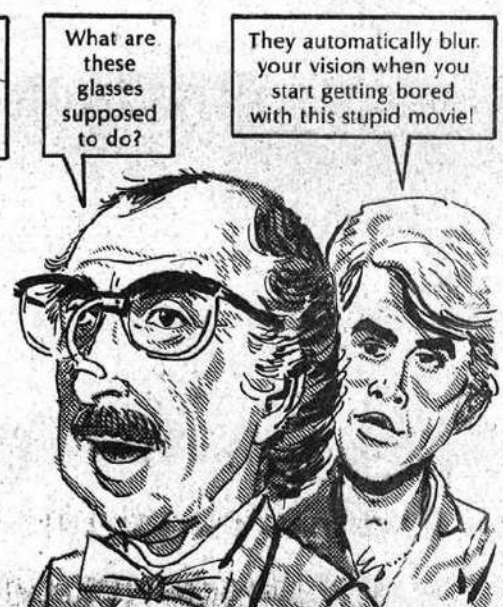
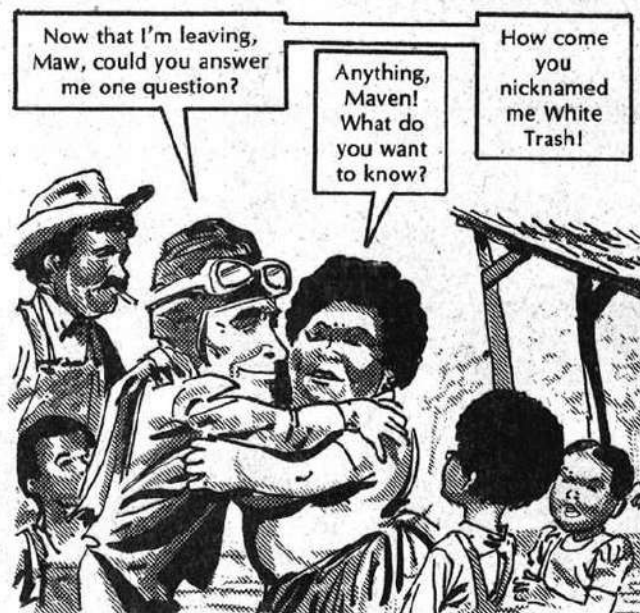
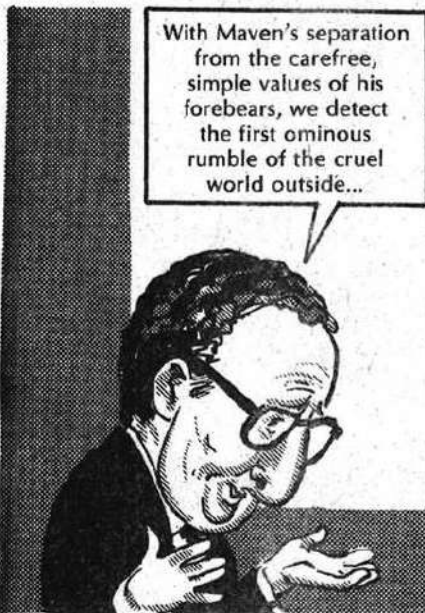
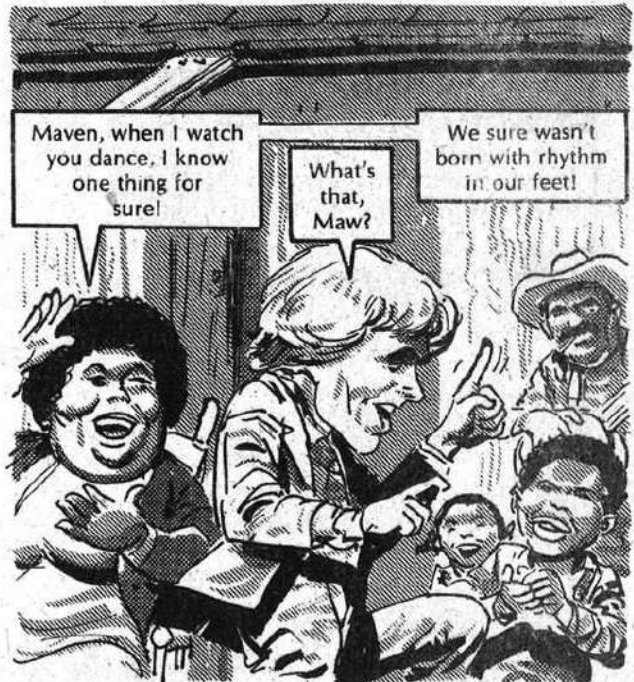
Our first expert is Dr. Henry Kissing-her, the eminent historian, bon vivant, and apologist for the Nixon administration!

Thank you, Miss Bareit...

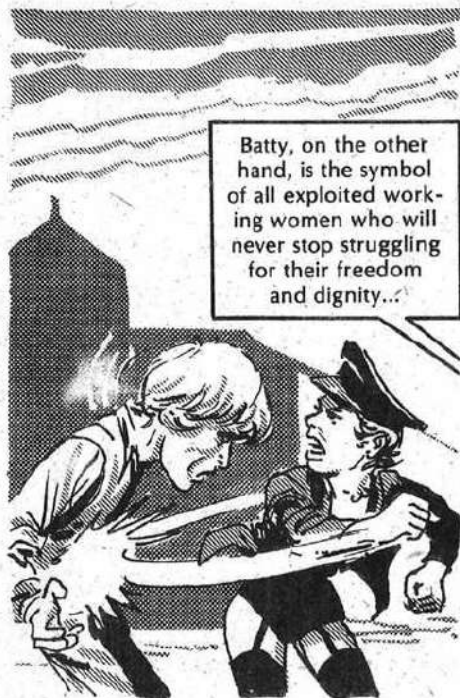




Maven's early years, for example ... what a sensitive yet subtle symbol of man's first experiment with higher cultural values...







Batty, on the other hand, is the symbol of all exploited working women who will never stop struggling for their freedom and dignity...

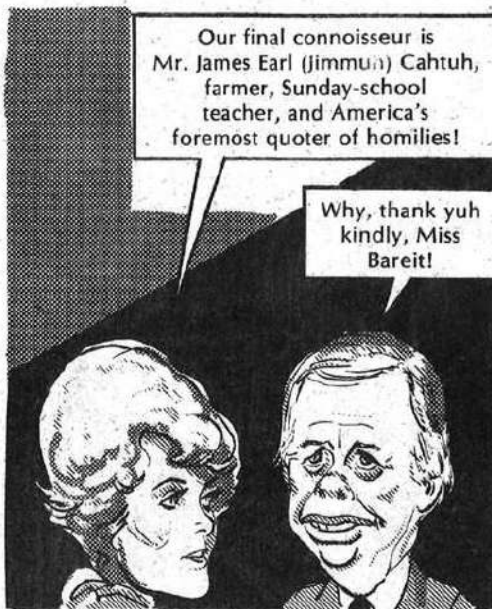


There must be better ways to put you in a love-making mood, Batty!



What way did you have in mind, Maven?

How about cozing up and watching reruns of Gomer Pyle?



Our final connoisseur is Mr. James Earl (Jimmuh) Cahtuh, farmer, Sunday-school teacher, and America's foremost quoter of homilies!

Why, thank yuh kindly, Miss Bareit!

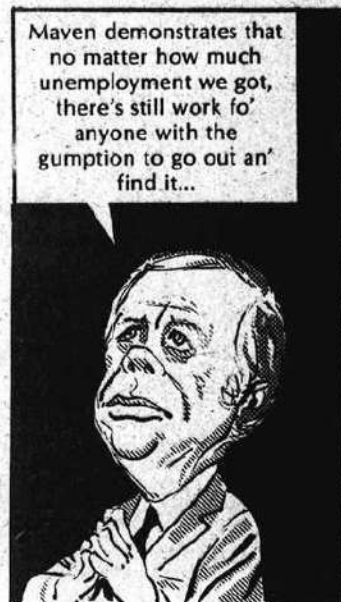


Lemme staht by sayin' I truly believe yuh're both wrong in yur interpretations!

To me, Maven Johnson is the symbol of every hãrd-workin', God-fearin' American boy!

You must be kidding, Toothy!

Explain yourself, peanut-brain!



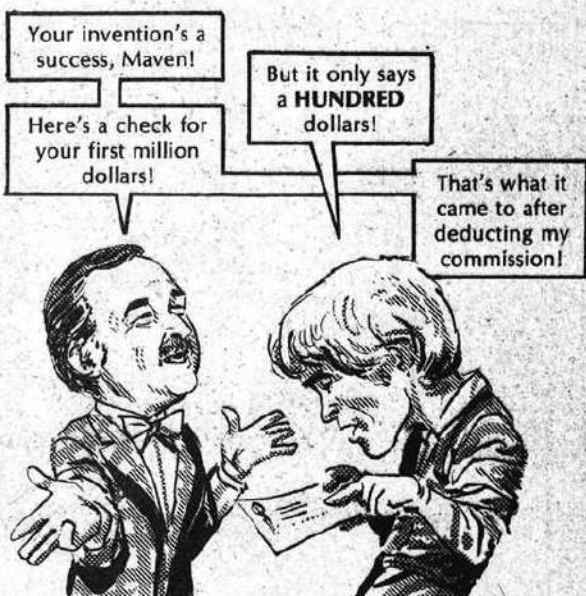
Maven demonstrates that no matter how much unemployment we got, there's still work fo' anyone with the gumption to go out an' find it...



Did every Amtrack engineer really start out this way?



Maven also proves that by nevuh skippin' Sunday school, a man gets his just rewards...

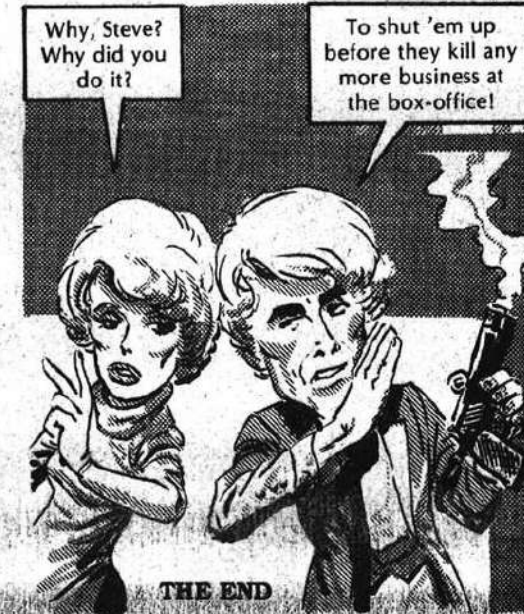
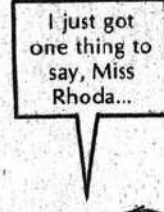
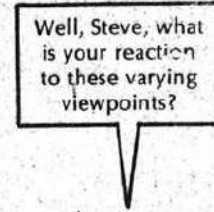
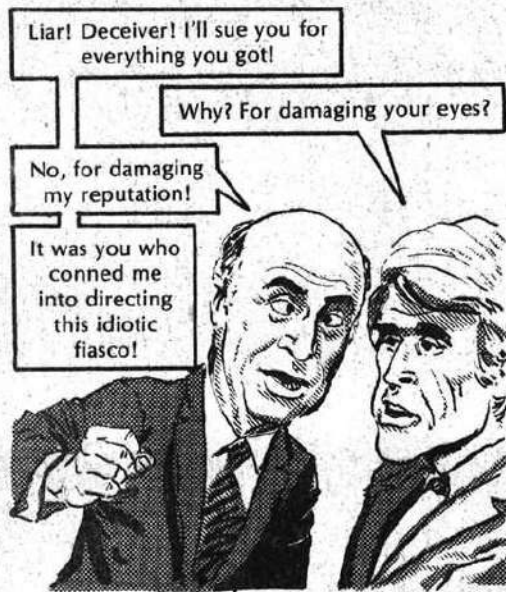
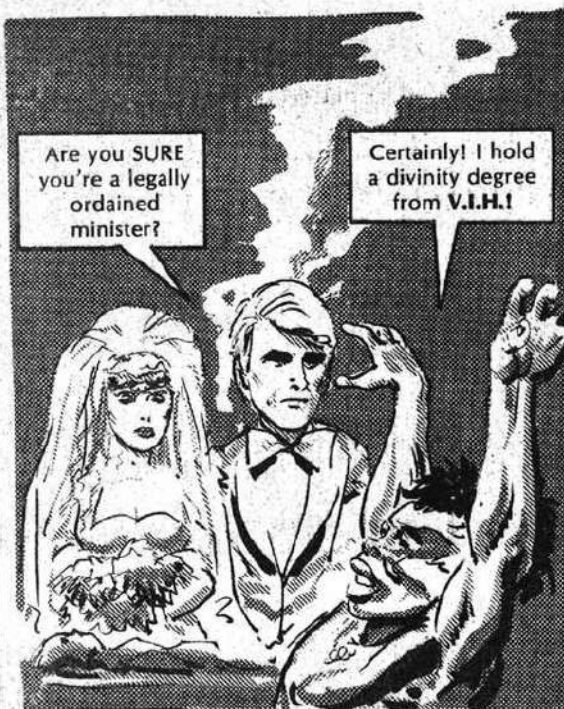


Your invention's a success, Maven!

Here's a check for your first million dollars!

But it only says a **HUNDRED** dollars!

That's what it came to after deducting my commission!

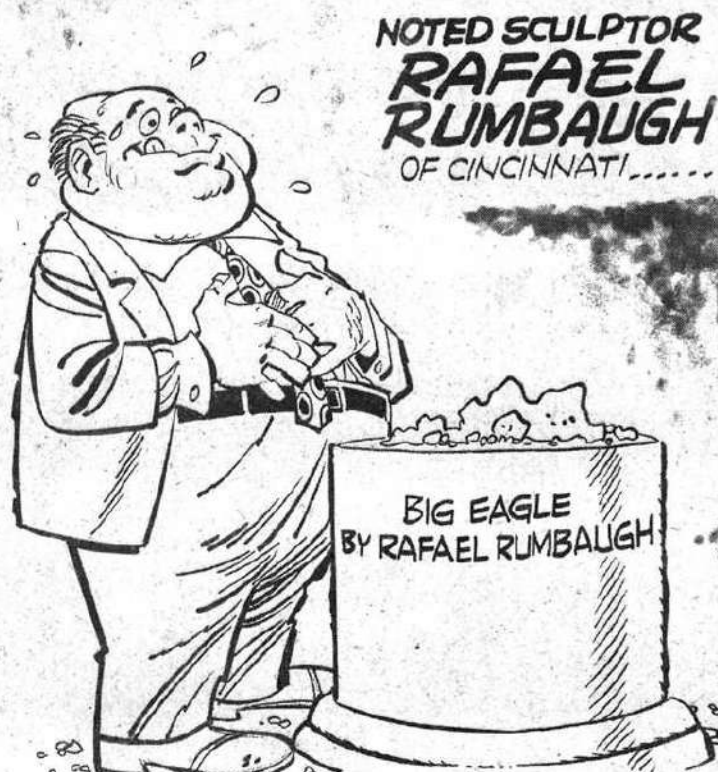


SICK AS IT SEEMS



WENDEL
PURVIS
A NEW YORK
METS FAN..

TOOK A PICTURE OF ALL 54,000 PEOPLE
WATCHING A DOUBLE-HEADER AT SHEA
STADIUM! (It didn't come out however...
somebody moved!)



NOTED SCULPTOR
**RAFAEL
RUMBAUGH**
OF CINCINNATI.....

CARVED A HUGE EAGLE OUT OF A 400 POUND
CHUNK OF TURKISH TAFFY! (Unfortunately
at the premier showine somebody ate it!)



BARRY
KOONTZ
TUSCALOOSA
ALABAMA...

AT IT BARRY IS THE CHAMPION
AMATEUR CONTORTIONIST
IN THE COUNTRY!
(Barry drives a midget
sports car!)



**ANGUS
DOOLEY**
OF PERTH
AMBOY...

WAS TOLD BY A GYPSIE FORTUNE
TELLER THAT HE WOULD WIND UP
A RICH MAN... YET AT THE AGE OF 52
HE WAS KILLED AND BURIED IN
HIS OWN BACK YARD A **PENILESS
PAUPER!** (When they dug his
grave however, they struck oil!)

BURP ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY!

(So called due to a congenital stomach condition) "volunteered" for a 5 month space trip in a frozen condition!



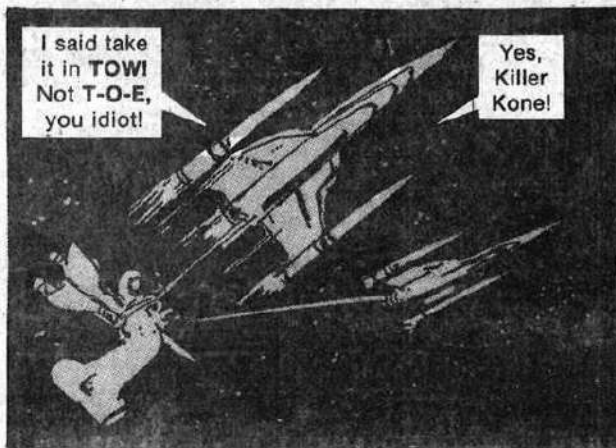
STORY BY DRAKE
ART BY SPARLING

But some great mind made a minor bubu, and...



...and the round trip lasted 500 years!

As the ancient ship heads Earthward, a fleet of Boobonian crafts takes it in tow!



Inside, lay the heroic and frozen Burp...



Kone, the Boobonian leader, has his doctor give Burp a truth drug!



Quickly, Kone reports to Princess Lardala and her righthand beast, **PUSSYCAT!**

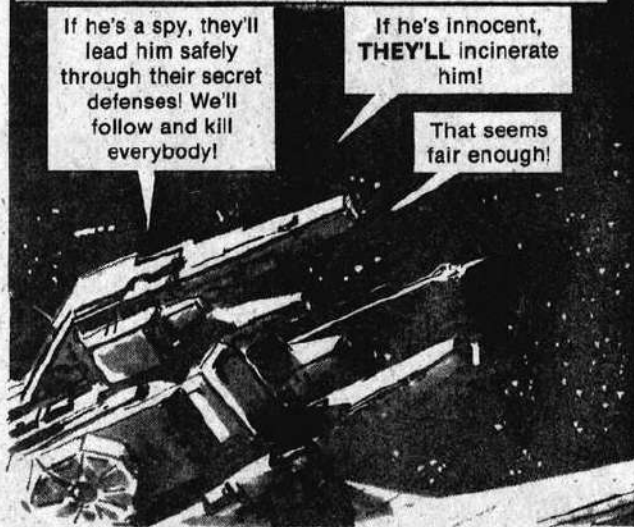


Meowww!
I say he's
a 500-year-
old
Earthling!

I say he's a spy
for Earth's
**FEDERAL
EXPECTORATE!**

And I say
he's **SOME
HUNK OF MAN!**

Kone's fiendish scheme calls for firing Burp back to Earth!

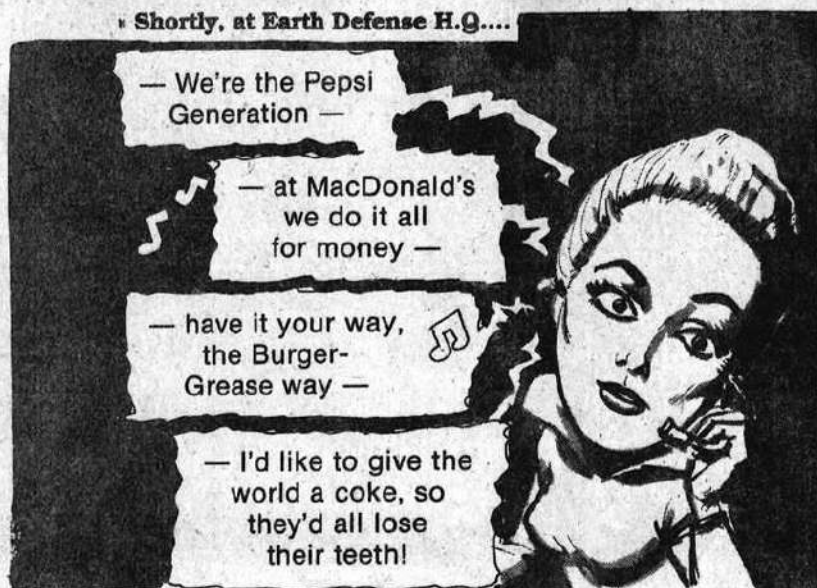


If he's a spy, they'll
lead him safely
through their secret
defenses! We'll
follow and kill
everybody!

If he's innocent,
THEY'LL incinerate
him!

That seems
fair enough!

• Shortly, at Earth Defense H.Q....



— We're the Pepsi
Generation —

— at MacDonald's
we do it all
for money —

— have it your way,
the Burger-
Grease way —

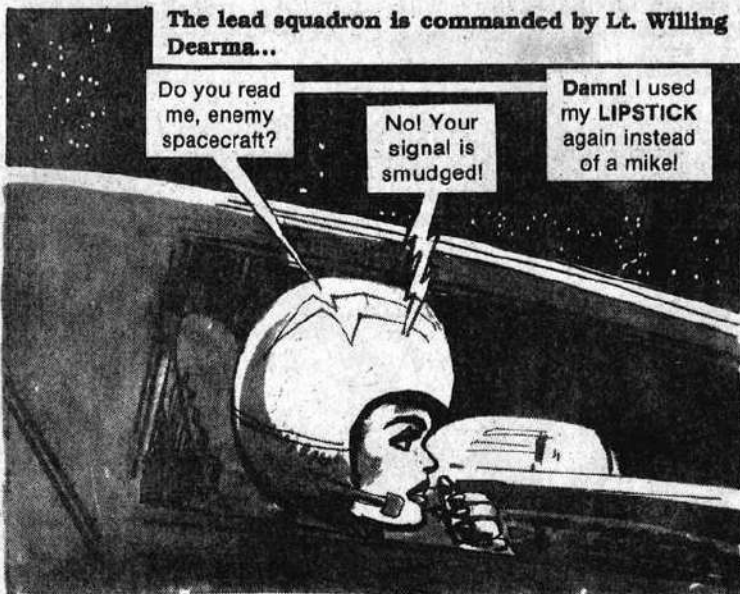
— I'd like to give the
world a coke, so
they'd all lose
their teeth!

ATTENTION ALL UNITS!
Enemy ship approaching
— doing old TV
singing commercials!



This could be
our worst
threat yet!

The lead squadron is commanded by Lt. Willing Dearma...



Do you read
me, enemy
spacecraft?

No! Your
signal is
smudged!

Damn! I used
my **LIPSTICK**
again instead
of a mike!

Who're you
flying for,
pal? The
Rooskies?

The
WHOSKIES?

Did you say the
HOOSIERSKIES?
Indiana is the
Hoosier state!

Did the Russlands
take Cleveland?

More
important
— **WHY?**

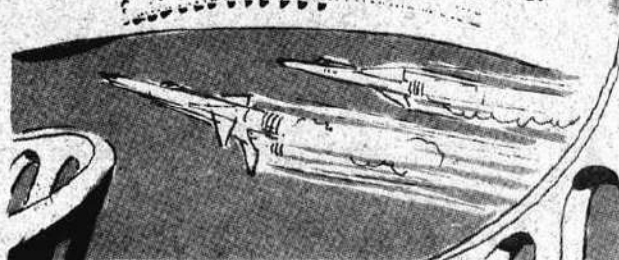


They land on the former site of Chicago, Burp's hometown!

Nothing is the way I remember it!

Except for the ballscores, of course!

BASEBALL:
YANKS-24... WHITE SOX-0!



Colonel Dearma proves a most important person!

Yes, Colonel!

Right away, Colonel!

At your service, Colonel!

You're a big wheel around here! Let's go lie down and talk about it!



You talk like a **MACHO** 20th Century Barbarian!



I'll bet you'd even sign one of those new **E.R.M.** petitions!

EQUAL RIGHTS for MEN!



Burp meets a leading scientist, Dr. Hoocha!

Burp, this is your companion, Twichil! That circular object is your computer guide — Dr. Grapopolis!

My, you are a big hunk of man-flesh!

Help! They gave me a **GAY** computer!

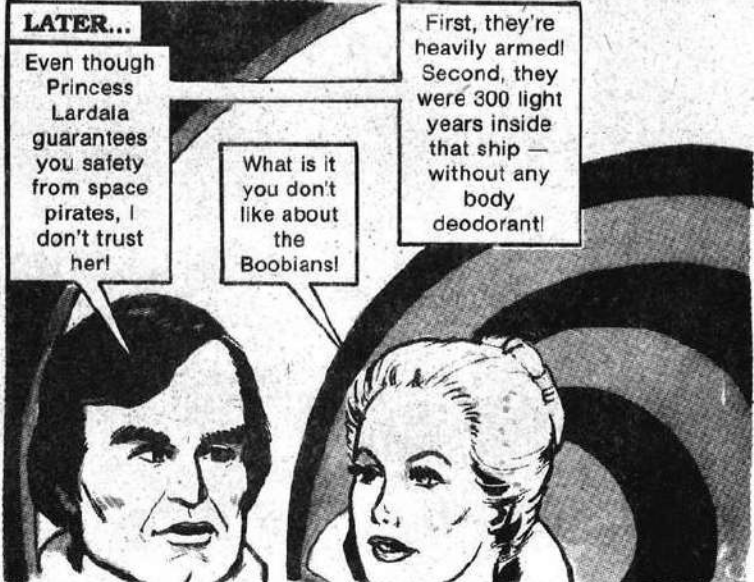


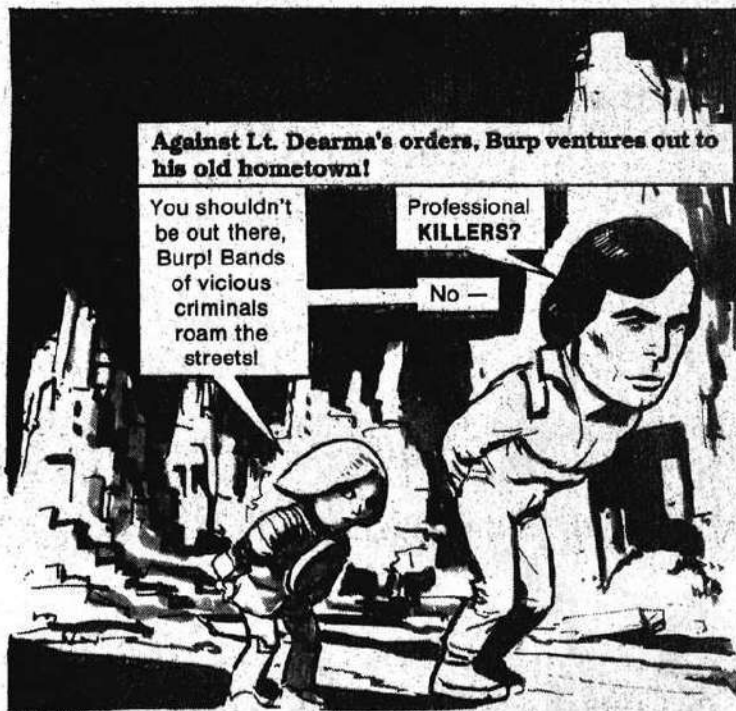
LATER...

Even though Princess Lardala guarantees you safety from space pirates, I don't trust her!

What is it you don't like about the Boobians!

First, they're heavily armed! Second, they were 300 light years inside that ship — without any body deodorant!





Against Lt. Dearma's orders, Burp ventures out to his old hometown!

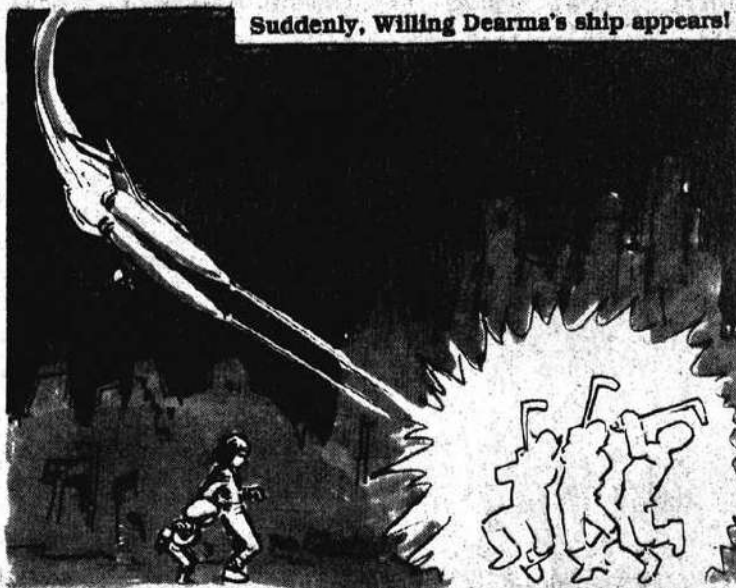
You shouldn't be out there, Burp! Bands of vicious criminals roam the streets!

Professional KILLERS?

No —



Professional HOCKEY TEAMS!

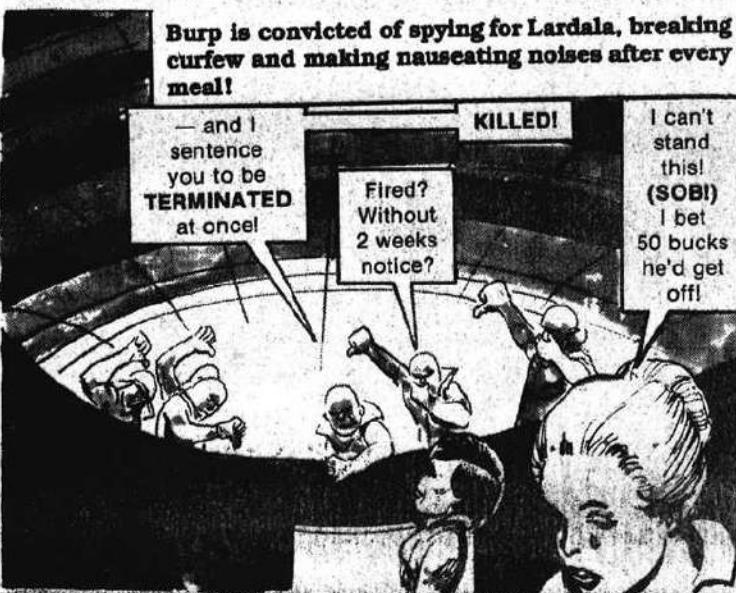


Suddenly, Willing Dearma's ship appears!



Isn't that the most horrible thing you ever saw?

No! I saw a Bruins-Rangers game that made this look like a pajama party!



Burp is convicted of spying for Lardala, breaking curfew and making nauseating noises after every meal!

— and I sentence you to be **TERMINATED** at once!

KILLED!

Fired? Without 2 weeks notice?

I can't stand this! (SOB!) I bet 50 bucks he'd get off!



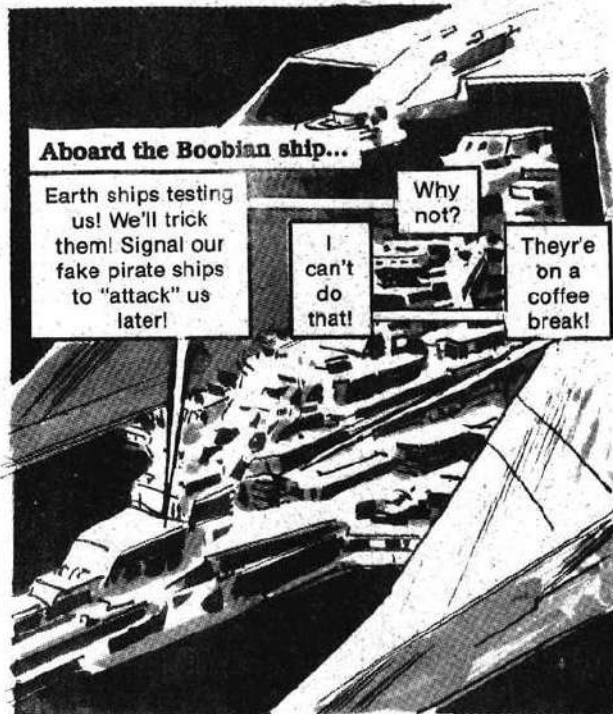
But Willing arranges for his escape...

I'll help you **PROVE** that Lardala's ship is armed!

Marvelous! But how?

You'll attack! If they blow you up, it'll prove you're right!

Swell!



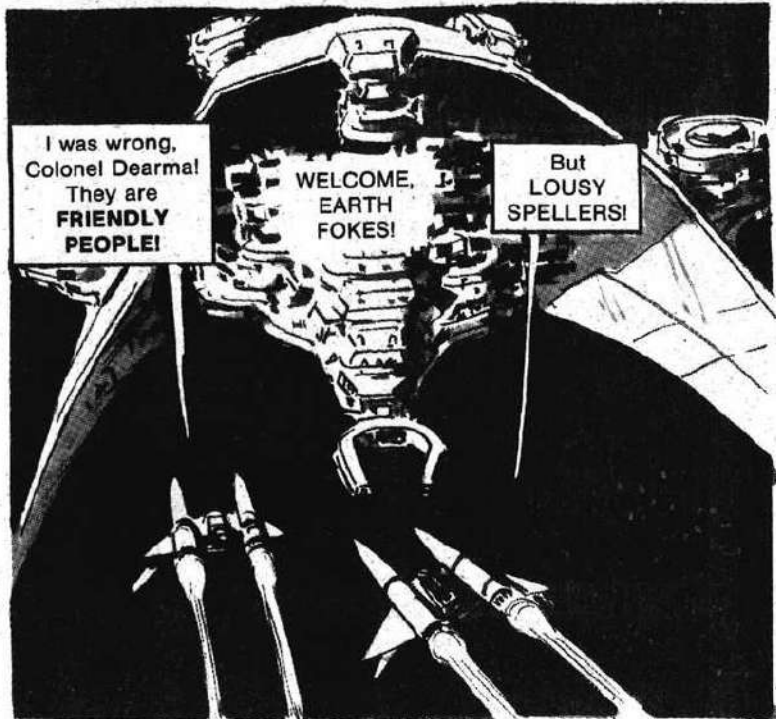
Aboard the Boobian ship...

Earth ships testing us! We'll trick them! Signal our fake pirate ships to "attack" us later!

Why not?

I can't do that!

They're on a coffee break!



I was wrong, Colonel Dearmal! They are **FRIENDLY PEOPLE!**

WELCOME, EARTH FOKES!

But **LOUSY SPELLERS!**

And when they board ship...

Nobody believes I was aboard this ship before!

You weren't!

Aha! Then how do I know you have twin birthmarks on your —



Oh, everybody knows that since I did a centerfold for **SPACEBOY** magazine!

DROOLI



ATTENTION! Pirates attacking!

We'll take care of this!

You mean I will, Captain! Your license is 500 years old!

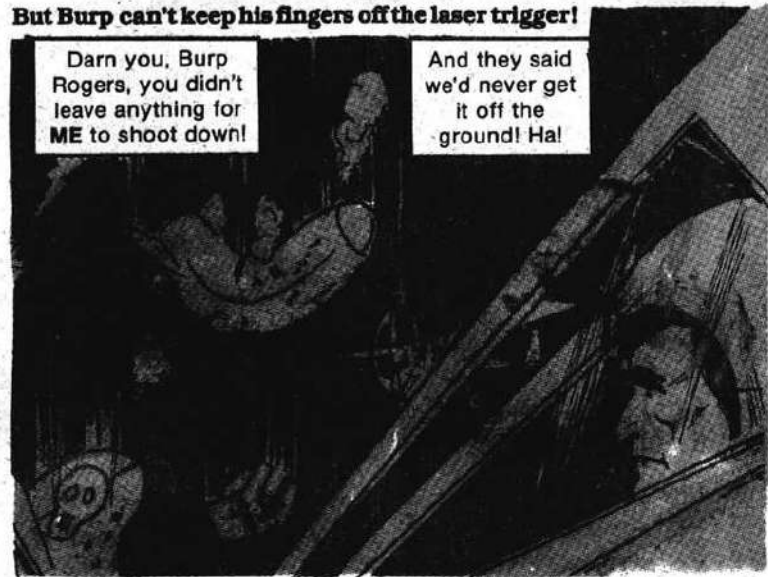
I wish I could be as brave as you, Lt. Dearmal!

You knuckle-headed bitch!

But Burp can't keep his fingers off the laser trigger!

Darn you, Burp Rogers, you didn't leave anything for **ME** to shoot down!

And they said we'd never get it off the ground! Ha!





Well done, Burp Rogers! Return to my ship for a victory party!

Right, luscious LARDALAI

Eyes crossed in skull! That means those were **FAKE** pirate ships or —

MARTY FELDMAN posed for the flags!

And what a party!

I didn't know it was a masquerade!

It's NOT!

Man at the door says he's got 200 **PIZZAS!**

Oh, I ordered those — from "Cousin's" Inter-Stellar Pizzeria!



And while everyone else is knee-deep in mushrooms and sausage...

Good thing I noticed these rocket tubes are the exact size of a medium pizza!

Now, when Lardala orders the Earth attack, the mozzarella will **REALLY** hit the fan!



Sure enough, as the Princess orders her treacherous attack...

WHOOOSH!

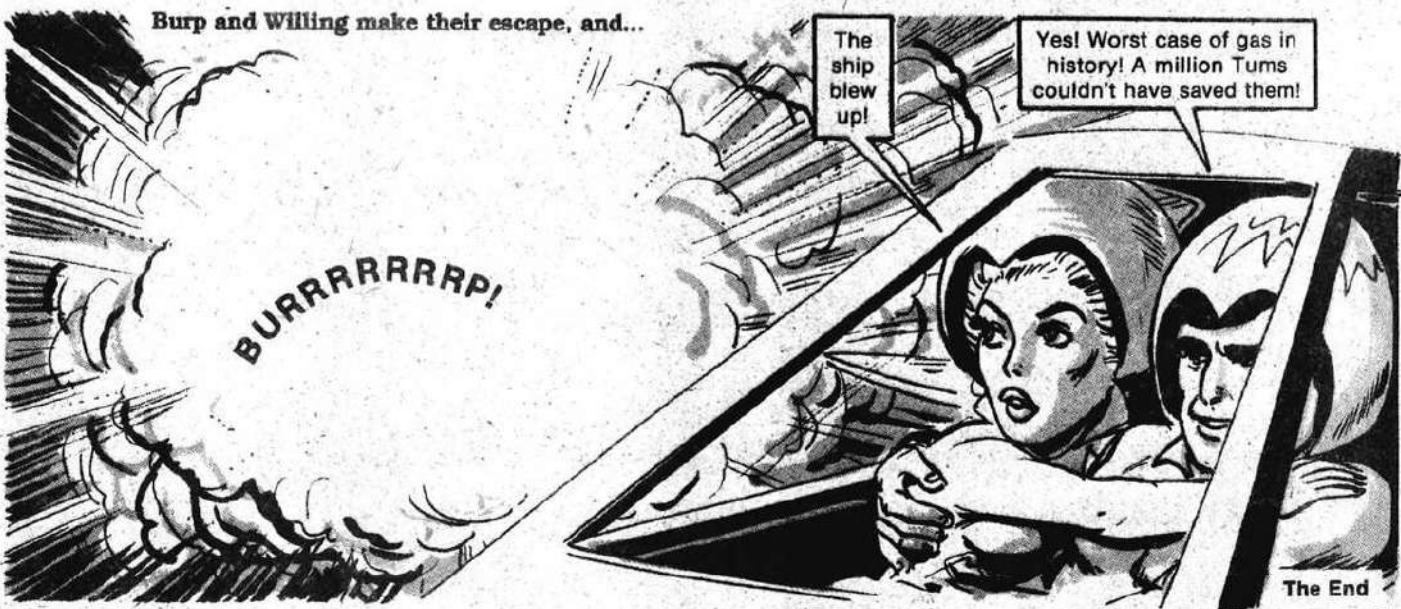
YICHHHHH! We've been **BETRAYED!**

Yes! And they left the pizza in the **TRAY!**

Mine's full of olive oil! The doctor was right! He said cholesterol would kill me!



Burp and Willing make their escape, and...



The ship blew up!

Yes! Worst case of gas in history! A million Tums couldn't have saved them!

BURRRRRRP!

The End

WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU TOOK A NICE LEISURELY DRIVE TO YOUR LOCAL CINEMA, PUT OUT FOR A LARGE BUTTERED POPCORN, SAT THROUGH TWO HOURS OF HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE, AND BY THE TIME YOU GOT HOME YOU COULDN'T REMEMBER THE PLOT, PLACE, MUSIC OR WHO EVEN STARRED IN THE DARN THING? WHAT?! THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED TO YOU? WELL, NEVER FEAR, IT WILL AS SOON AS YOU SEE...

THE DRIp

WRITTEN & EXECUTED BY DAVE MANAK

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

HI, I'M **BAIL**, YOUR TYPICAL, MODERN DAY TYPE LIBERATED WOMAN, AND THE **REAL HERO** OF THIS MOVIE. MY ONLY HANG-UP IS AN ACUTE FEAR OF **BLOODY CHICKEN FEET!**

I'M **DAV-ODD**, THE **REAL HERO** OF THIS MOVIE. I TRAVEL TO ALL OF THE RESORT AREAS OF THE WORLD TRYING TO LOOK VERY MACHO. MY ACUTE FEAR IS THAT **BAIL** WILL COME OFF LOOKING **PRETTIER** THAN ME!

MEET THE **REAL HERO, ME, ROVER FLEECE!** AFTER ALL, HOW MANY **TOP HOLLYWOOD STARS** WOULD GIVE A BUNCH OF **SOAP OPERA REFLECTS** LIKE THESE A SHOT AT THE BIG-TIME? MY ONLY WORRY IS MY MAKING THEM LOOK **TOO GOOD!**

I'M **RATMAN COUGHER**, THE **REAL HERO** HERE! I'M THE ONE WHO MAKES THIS MOVIE BY GIVING IT A TOUCH OF **CRUSTY REALISM...** WHICH IS NO GREAT SURPRISE BECAUSE AFTER **FORTY YEARS** IN HOLLYWOOD, THIS IS HOW I **REALLY LOOK AND ACT!**

MY NAME'S **ROACH**, AND I'M THE **HERO** OF THIS FILM BECAUSE I CONSENTED TO PLAY THE ROLE OF THE **MANDATORY BLACK VILLAIN...** MY BIG WORRY IS THAT ALL OF THE FILM CRITICS **WILL NOTICE ME!**

YOU'RE ALL **CRAZY!** I'M THE **REAL HERO** AROUND HERE!

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M THE **CATERER!** IF IT WAS UP TO THIS BUNCH OF **DOPES** TO FEED THEMSELVES, THIS FILM WOULD **NEVER GET FINISHED!** MY ONLY WORRY IS THAT THEY'LL FIND OUT **WHAT I'VE BEEN FEEDING THEM!**



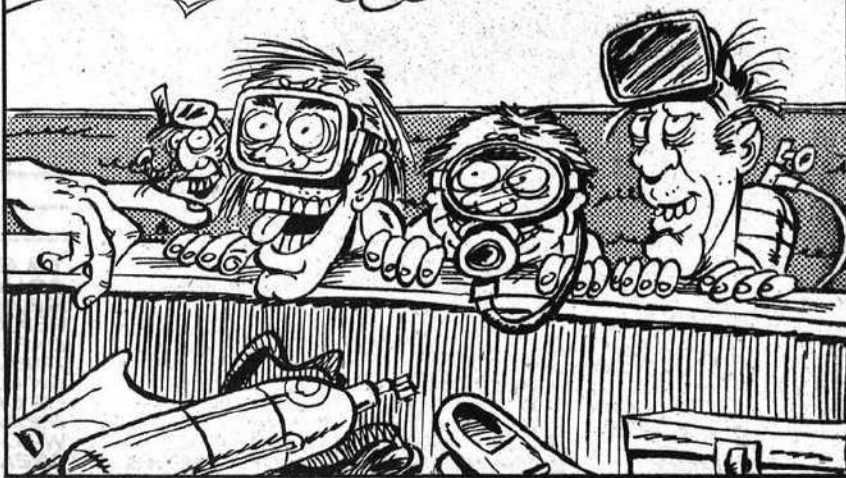
DAVE MANAK

BAIL, HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAFTA TELL YOU **NOT** TO WEAR THAT SHEER, SEE-THROUGH T-SHIRT WHILE WE'RE DIVING IN THESE WATERS?

OH, DON'T YOU LIKE HOW **SEXY** IT MAKES ME LOOK?



SURE, BUT SO DOES EVERY TOM, DICK, AND HARRY WHO HAPPENS TO BE DIVING IN THE AREA!



LOOK, BAIL, IF I WIPE THE GOO OFF OF THIS MEDALLION WE FOUND BY THE OLD SHIPWRECK, SOME **WORDS** BEGIN TO APPEAR!

OF COURSE SOME WORDS BEGIN TO APPEAR--THAT'S A 'SKIPPY PEANUT BUTTER' JAR LID, IDIOT!--THE MEDALLION'S RIGHT ON THE TABLE NEXT TO YOU!



MR. FLEECE, WE'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT THIS RARE ARTIFACT WE FOUND BY A SUNKEN WRECK!

I HOPE IT'S NOT ANOTHER 'SKIPPY' LID! NO THANKS, I'M UP TO MY EARS IN RARE ARTIFACTS!

HOW ABOUT THIS AMPULE CONTAINING SOME MYSTERIOUS YELLOW STUFF?



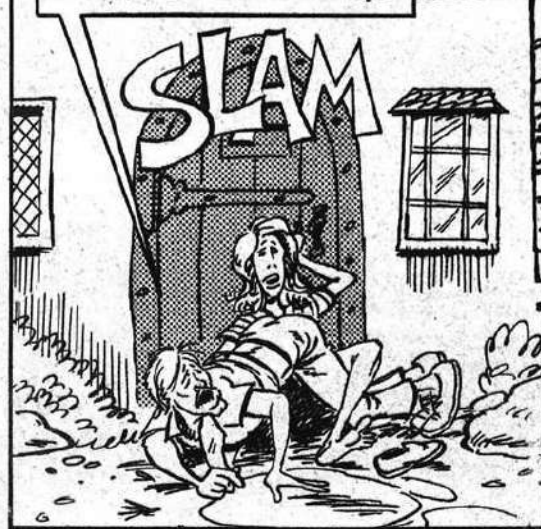
LISTEN, YOU TWO, GET LOST... I...

WHAT?!!

HERE, GIMMIE THAT! THIS IS **NOTHING**... ABSOLUTELY **WORTHLESS**!--REALLY, IT'S **NOTHING**--HEAR ME?... **NOTHING!**



DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT **NOTHING** IS ACTUALLY **SOMETHING**?





EXCUSE ME, BUT I'M A DEALER IN RARE GLASS-- ESPECIALLY LITTLE AMPULES FILLED WITH MYSTERIOUS YELLOW STUFF-- I'LL BET YOU HAVE SOME, DON'T YOU?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE D...



SPLAT

...DON'T! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, SIR, OUR FOOD IS GETTING COLD!

WELL I HOPE IT'S NOT GETTING WARM... YOU HAPPEN TO BE EATING ICE CREAM, FOOL!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH COMING TO THE ISLANDS DURING THE OFF SEASON...

WHAT'S THAT?



THE CAB DRIVERS AROUND HERE WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET A FARE!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR OLD FRIEND THE RARE GLASS DEALER!

I'M HENRI ROACH, YOU IDIOT, AND I DEAL IN A PROFESSION SO DIRTY THAT IT MAKES BOTH RICH AND POOR WHO'RE CAUGHT UP IN IT WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!



YOU ROTTEN SCUM! YOU'RE AN AUDITOR FOR THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE!

VERY CLOSE, BUT INCORRECT... YOU HAVE ONE SECOND TO TELL ME WHERE THAT AMPULE IS... OKAY, TIMES UP!

YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, ROACH... ROVER FLEECE HAS IT!



HEY FLEECE! I ALMOST GOT A FREE TONSILECTOMY BECAUSE YOU LIED TO US ABOUT THAT AMPULE!... YOU OWE ME AN APOLOGY!

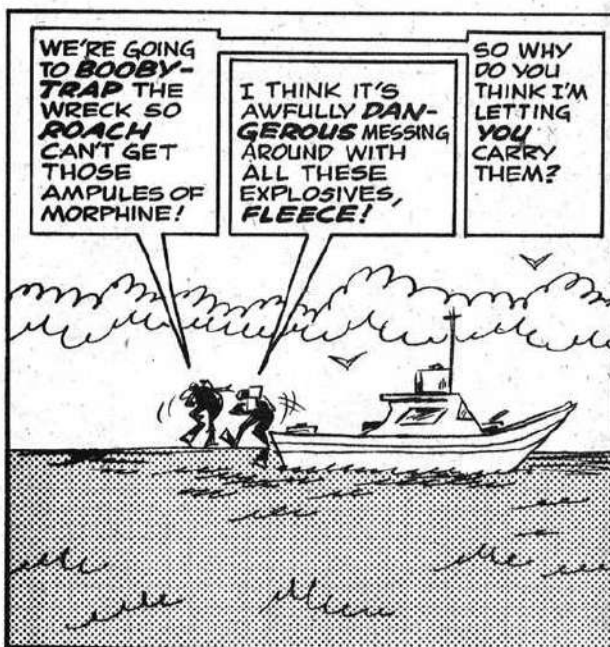
OKAY... WITH THE COST OF MEDICINE TODAY, I'M SORRY YOU MISSED OUT ON THE FREE OPERATION! HOW'S THAT?



THIS IS RATMAN COUGHER, A SMELLY, DRUNKEN OLD SEA-DOG WHO KNOWS EVERY INCH OF THIS OCEAN LIKE THE BACK OF HIS HAND!

THAT'S FINE, BUT WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH US?

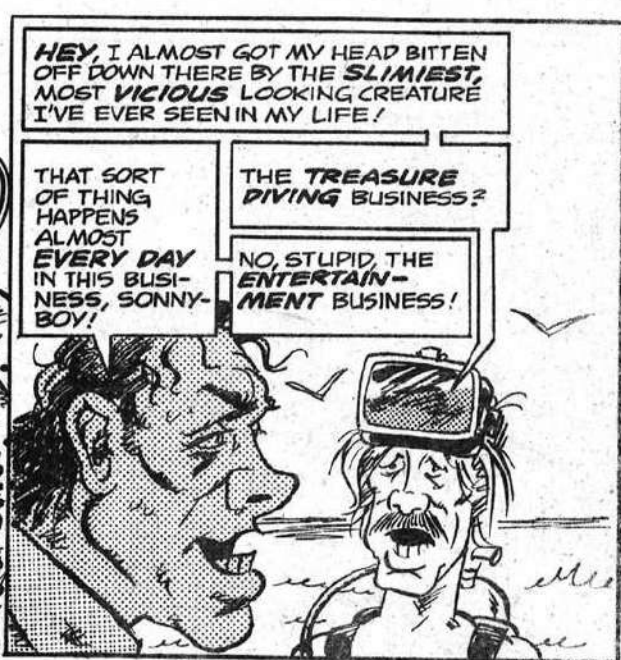
NOT A DARN THING! I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU WHAT AN ACTOR WILL DO FOR MONEY!



WE'RE GOING TO BOOBY-TRAP THE WRECK SO ROACH CAN'T GET THOSE AMPULES OF MORPHINE!

I THINK IT'S AWFULLY DANGEROUS MESSING AROUND WITH ALL THESE EXPLOSIVES, FLEECE!

SO WHY DO YOU THINK I'M LETTING YOU CARRY THEM?



HEY, I ALMOST GOT MY HEAD BITTEN OFF DOWN THERE BY THE SLIMEST, MOST VICIOUS LOOKING CREATURE I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE!

THAT SORT OF THING HAPPENS ALMOST EVERY DAY IN THIS BUSINESS, SONNY-BOY!

THE TREASURE DIVING BUSINESS?

NO, STUPID, THE ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS!



HMMM, WHAT DOES YOU THINK, DR. ANDY?

WE SHOULD DEFINITELY CUT HERE, DR. AMOS!

AND YOU, DR. KING-FISH?

I DEFINITELY DISAGREES WIT DR. AMOS, DR. ANDY!

GOOD, DEN IT'S DECIDED!... WE FORGETS DA WHOLE OPERATION!

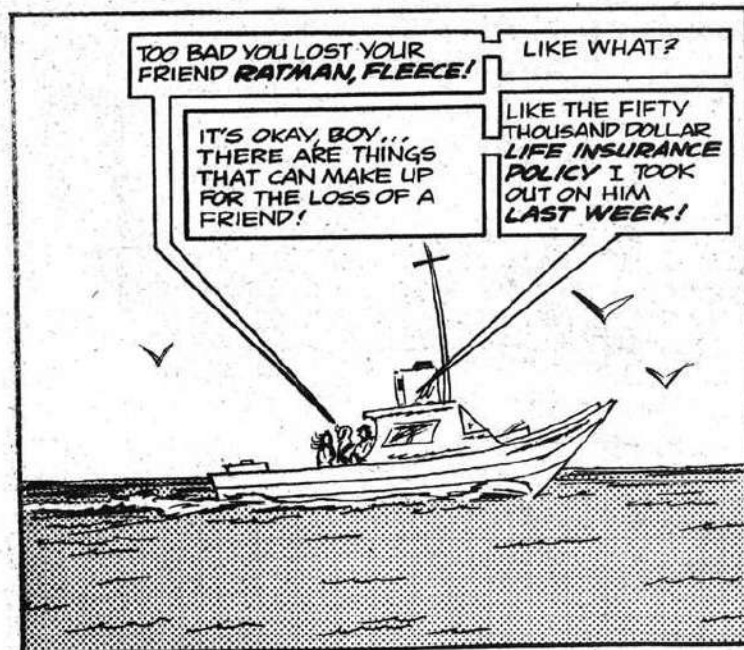


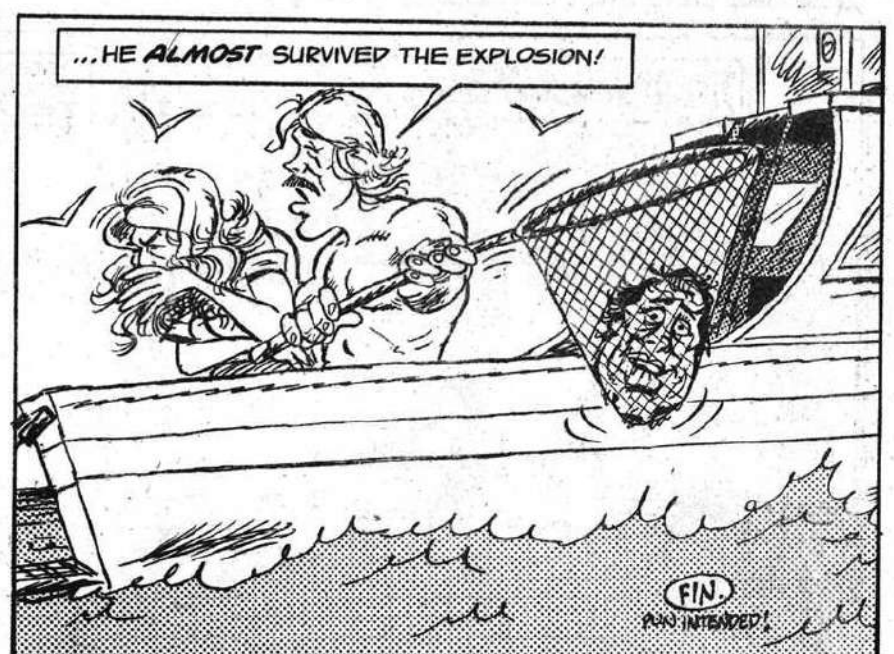
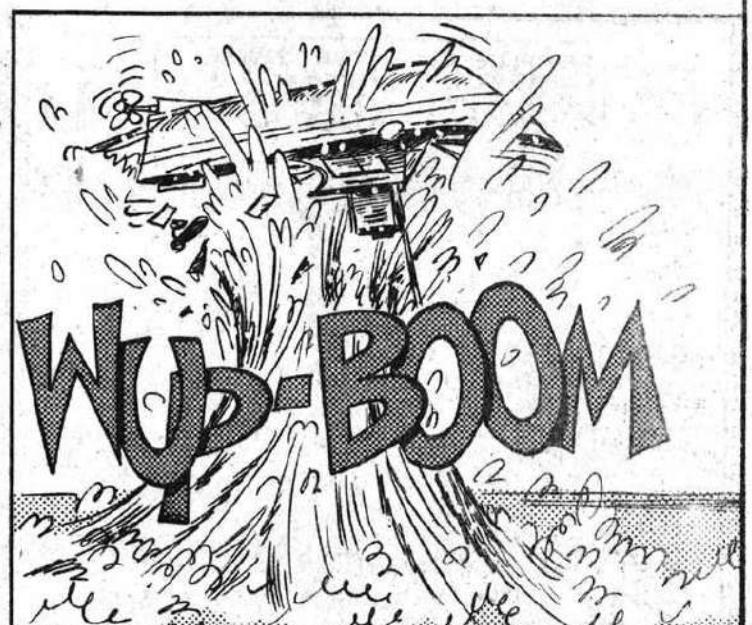
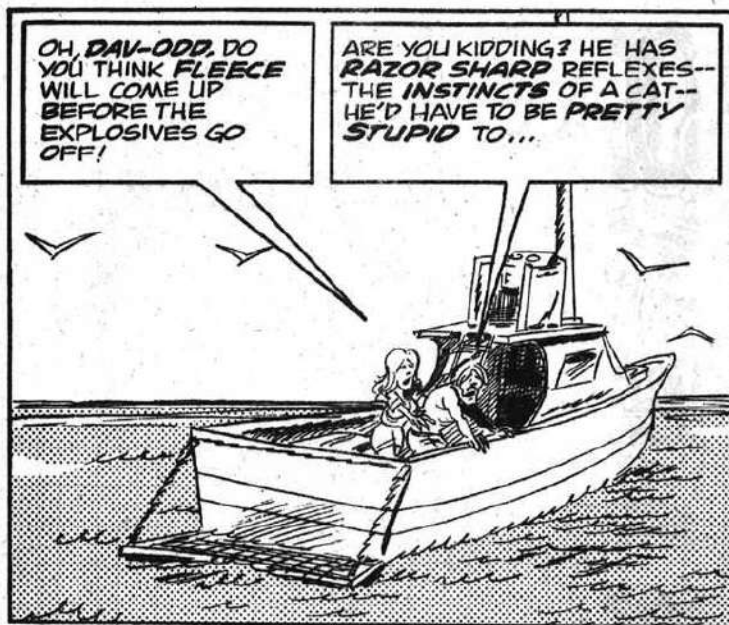
OH, DAV-ODD, IT WAS GHASTLY!... HORRIBLE!

THE BRIGHT SIDE?

I DON'T KNOW, BAIL, WHY NOT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE?

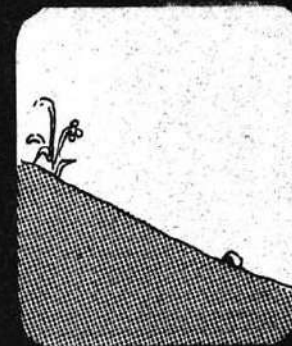
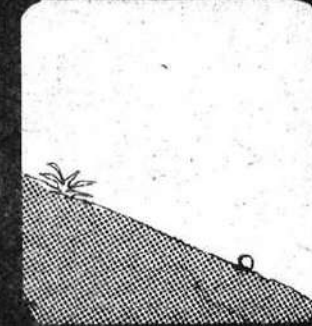
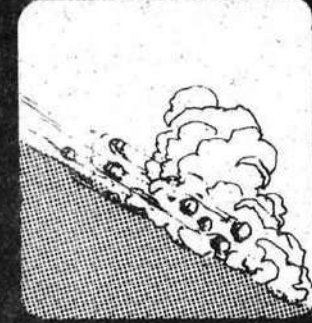
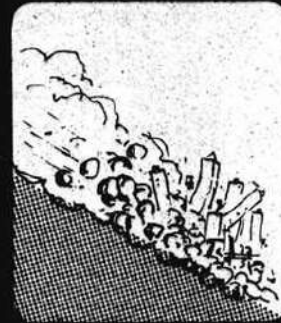
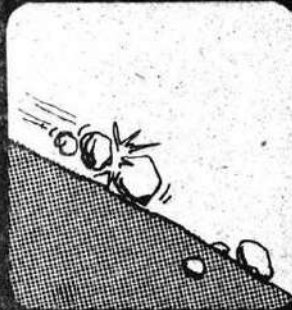
SURE!-- HOW MANY DOCTORS DO YOU KNOW THAT MAKE HOUSE CALLS THESE DAYS?





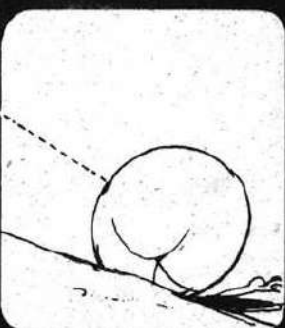
FIN.
PLAN INTENDED!

EYE-BALLING.....by Golly



EYE-BALLING.....

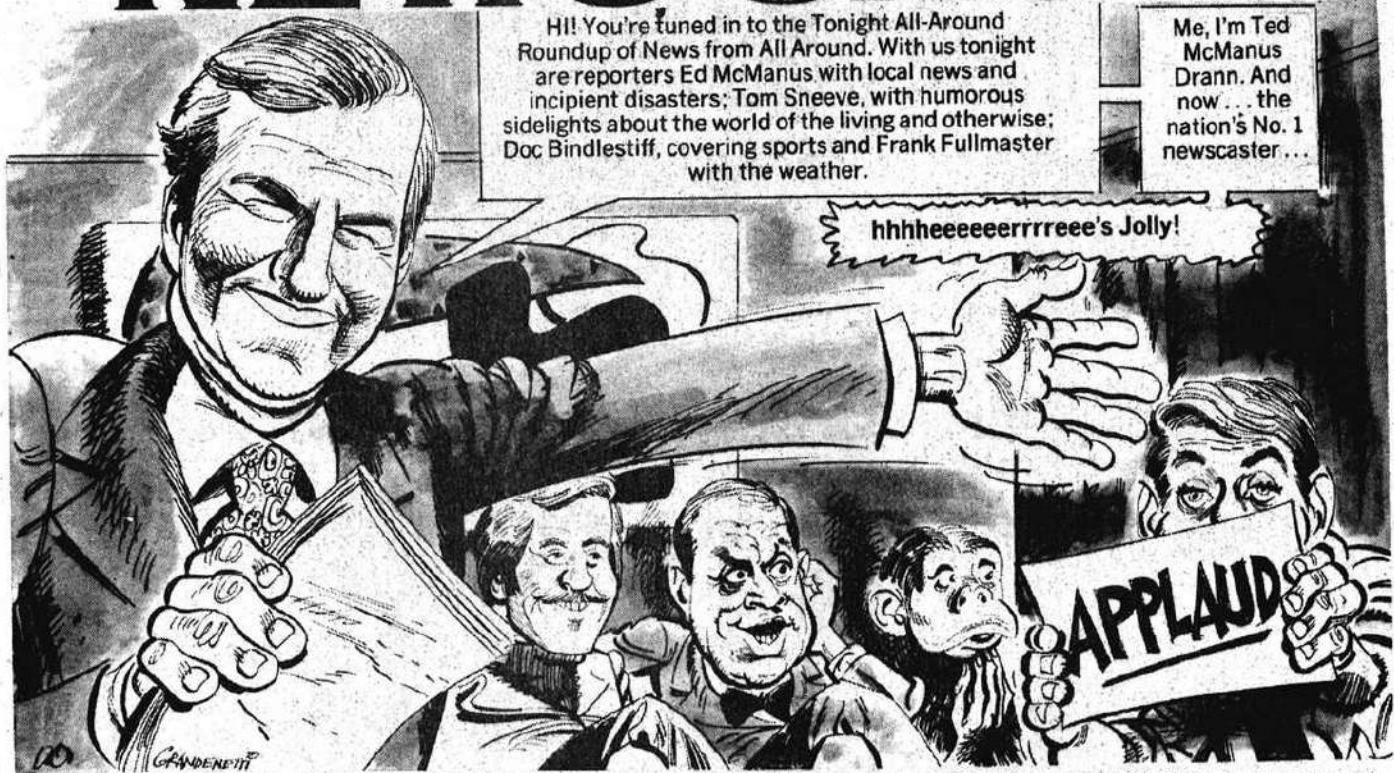
by Golly



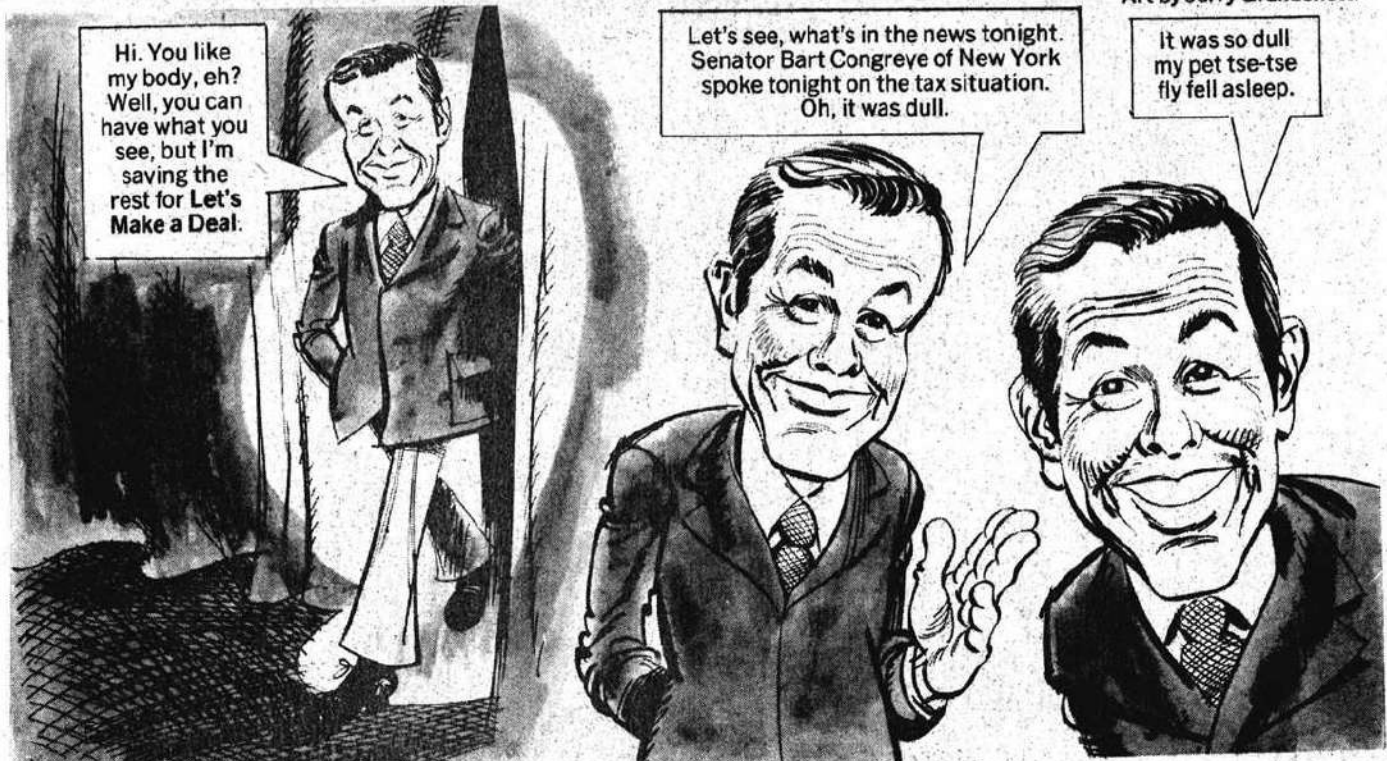
The glorification of newsmen is the latest gimmick in the TV ratings race. Soon we may see Edwin R. Newman on Sesame Street reciting the letter T, while Harry Reasoner and Howard K. Smith may turn up on the Carol Burnett Show reprising some of the old Frick and Frack routines.

Eventually, this trend will prompt one network to build a comedy team into an all star news show.

COMEDY HOUR NEWS SHOW



Art by Jerry Grandenetti





Those New York police are in another hassle—should they live in New York or be allowed to live in the suburbs?

The police today announced that they want to live in the suburbs and be bussed to crimes outside their neighborhood.



Another divorce on the domestic scene. Playboy Lance DeGay's wife is suing after she walked in on Lance hosting a Sweet Sixteen Party—attended by Lance and 15 girls.

Let's see what Ed Farley has on the disaster desk. Anything hot, Ed?



I'll have the details on an airliner that went down with 58 aboard in New Jersey. It's unusual because it went up with only 46.

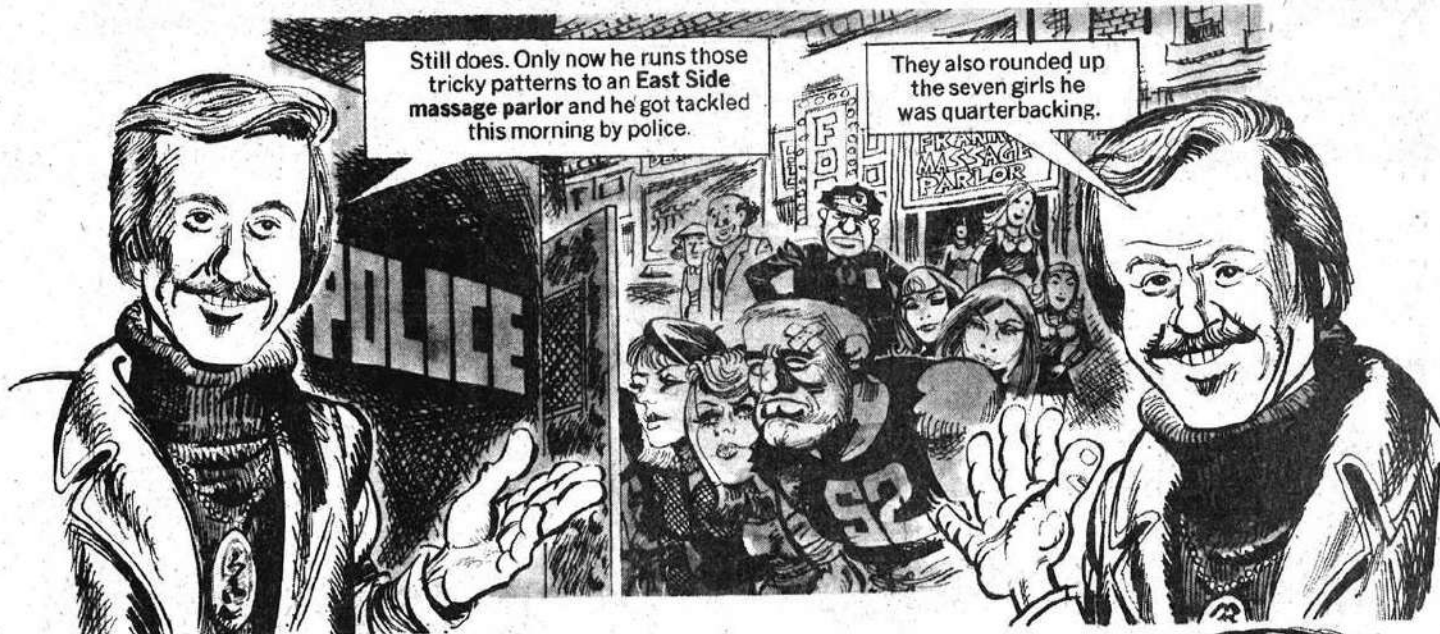
Sounds good. And a look at sports with Doc Bindlestiff.



Remember Jack MsSnutt the great split end with the Packers?

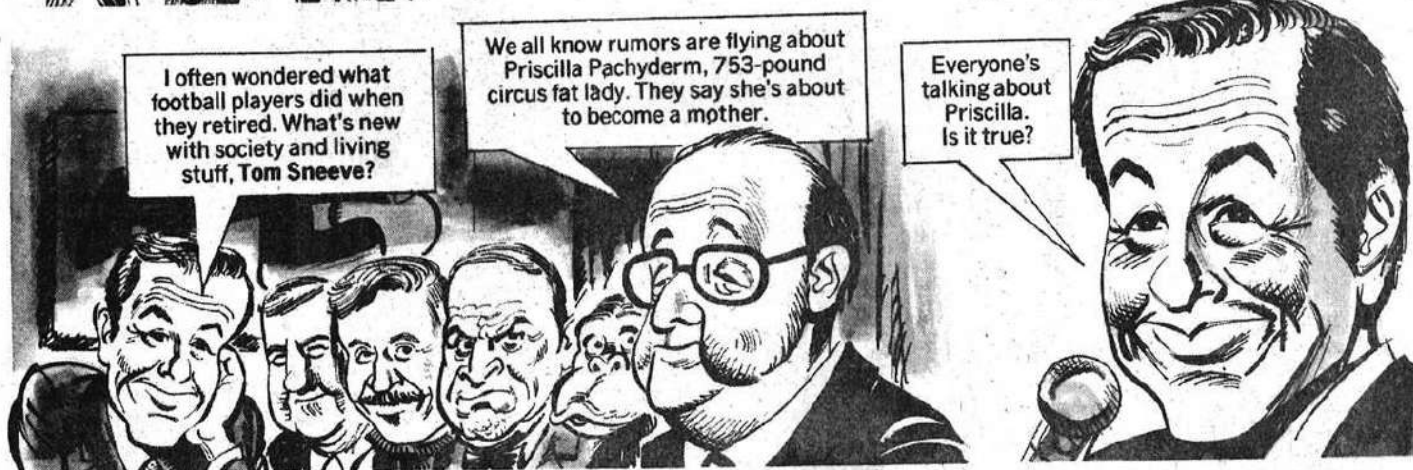
Certainly do. Used to run those tricky pass patterns.





Still does. Only now he runs those tricky patterns to an East Side massage parlor and he got tackled this morning by police.

They also rounded up the seven girls he was quarterbacking.



I often wondered what football players did when they retired. What's new with society and living stuff, Tom Sneeve?

We all know rumors are flying about Priscilla Pachyderm, 753-pound circus fat lady. They say she's about to become a mother.

Everyone's talking about Priscilla. Is it true?



I'm happy to report it is true. She will become a mother. The tests came back today—the hippo died.

Sob Sob



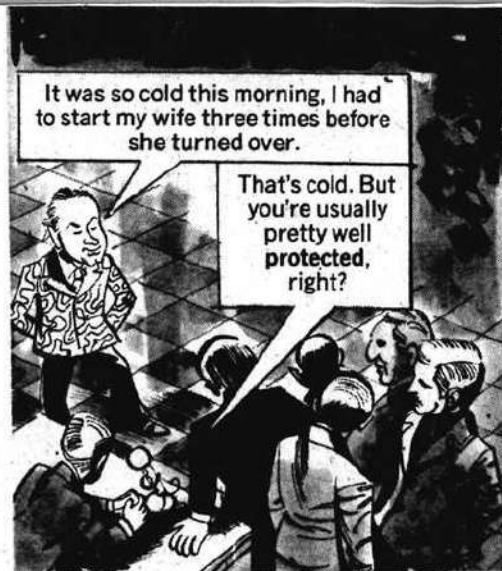
And a look at the weather with Frank Fullmaster. What'll it be like, Frank? Hold it. Will you look at that outfit? Frank, I wouldn't wear that get-up to see Marcus Welby lance a boil on King Kong's rear end.

Wow! What kind of weather, Frank?



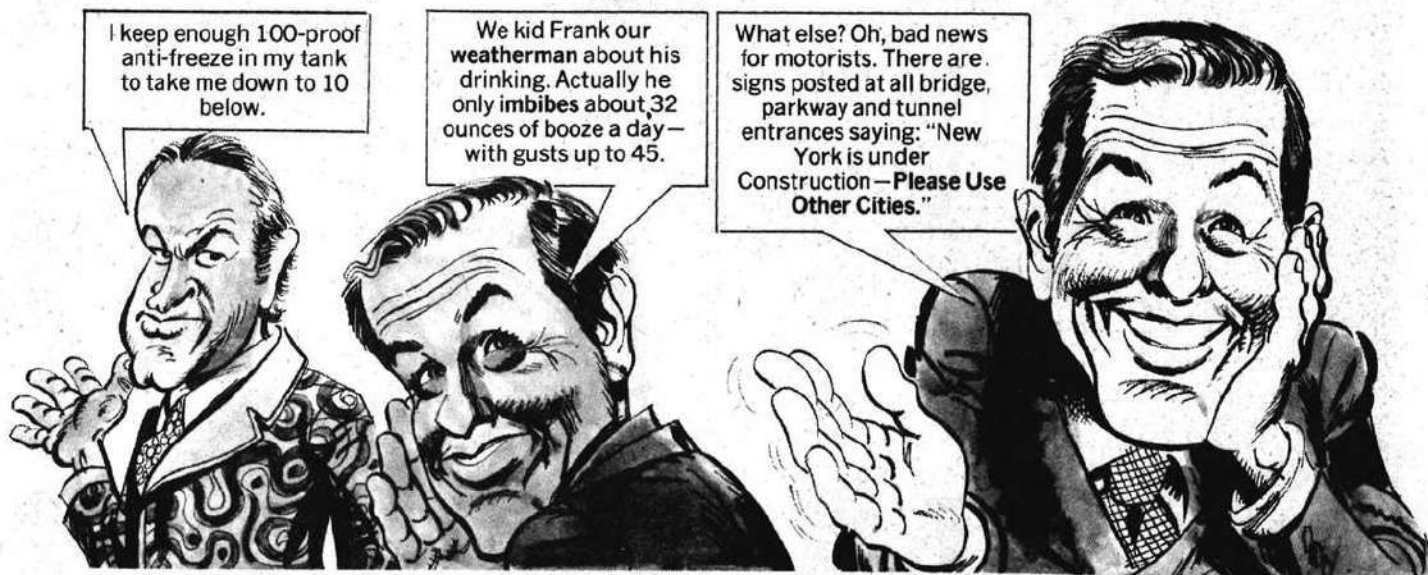
Cold. Very cold.

How cold is it?



It was so cold this morning, I had to start my wife three times before she turned over.

That's cold. But you're usually pretty well protected, right?



I keep enough 100-proof anti-freeze in my tank to take me down to 10 below.

We kid Frank our weatherman about his drinking. Actually he only imbibes about 32 ounces of booze a day—with gusts up to 45.

What else? Oh, bad news for motorists. There are signs posted at all bridge, parkway and tunnel entrances saying: "New York is under Construction—Please Use Other Cities."



Also coming up later an eyewitness account of the man who was crushed to death by a strolling accordionist during the third chorus of Lady of Spain at a Brooklyn scallopin parlor...

a talk with medical expert Dave Lisenbee, whose topic is, "How To Make Your Hernia Work For You," and critic Gene Shallnot will review a temper tantrum thrown today by fiery Broadway actress Carmen Gettit. Stay tuned. We'll be right back with all the news.

And now, a word from your local sponsors, Freddie's Funeral Parlor.

WHAT DO YOU CALL A MAN WHO WINS THE MILLION DOLLAR LOTTERY POSTHUMOUSLY?...A LUCKY STIFF, OF COURSE, JUST WHAT IS GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK? TO FIND OUT, TAKE A CHANCE AND READ ON.....IF YOU FEEL LUCKY.

GOOD LUCK BAD LUCK

WRITER: MICHAEL PELLOWSKI

ARTIST: ALAN KUPPERBERG

GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A NEARBY TREE TO CLIMB WHEN A LION CHARGES.



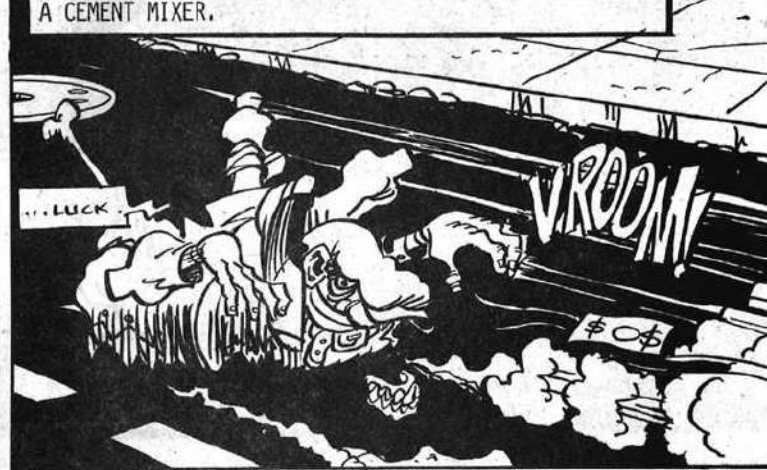
BAD LUCK IS CLIMBING THE TREE AND FINDING A SNAKE IN IT.



GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A FIVE DOLLAR BILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.



BAD LUCK IS BENDING OVER TO PICK UP A FIVE DOLLAR BILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AND GETTING HIT BY A CEMENT MIXER.



GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A FISTFUL OF FOUR LEAF CLOVERS!



BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO CLOVER.



GOOD LUCK IS BEING PICKED UP BY A BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMAN AFTER YOU FALL DOWN IN THE STREET BECAUSE YOU'RE INTOXICATED.



BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT THE BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMAN IS A LADY COP.



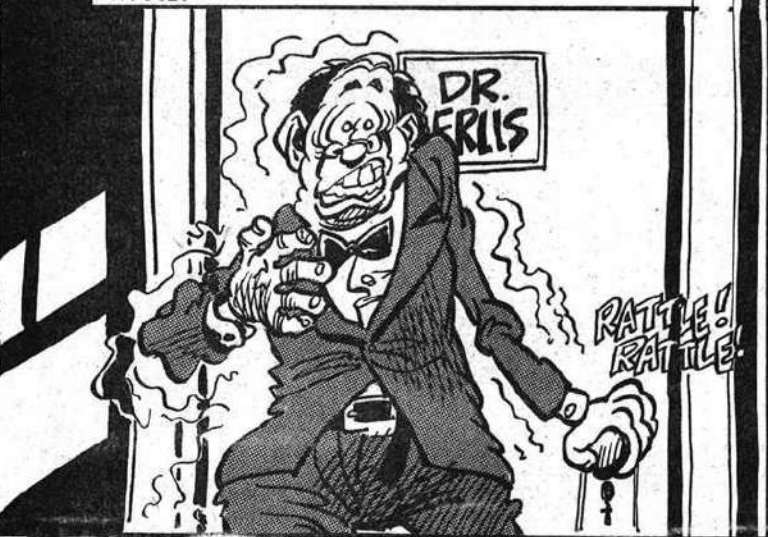
GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A SEAT NEXT TO THE SMARTEST KID IN CLASS BEFORE THE TEACHER GIVES A SURPRISE TEST.



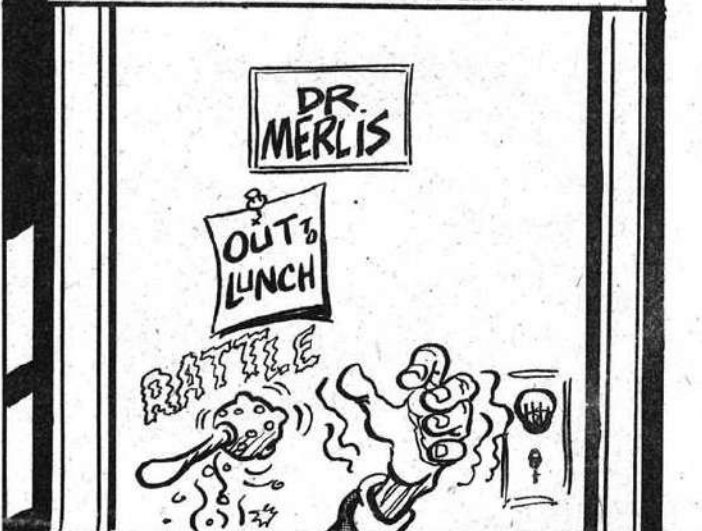
BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT IT'S AN ORAL QUIZ.

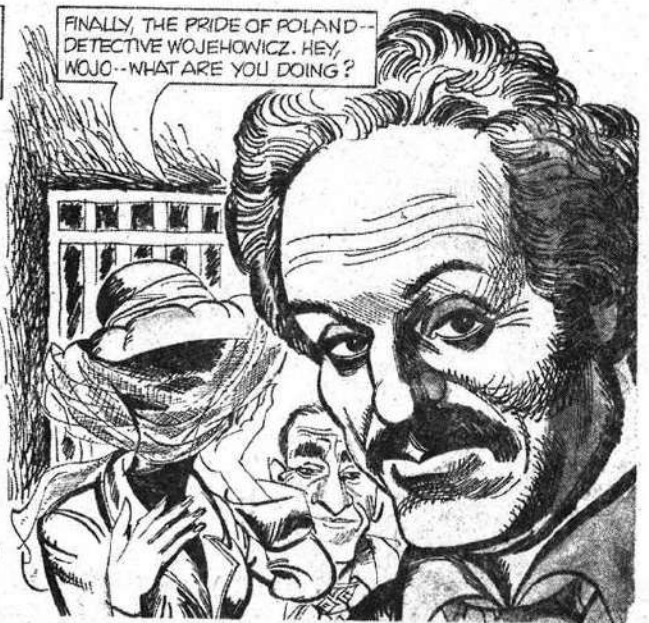
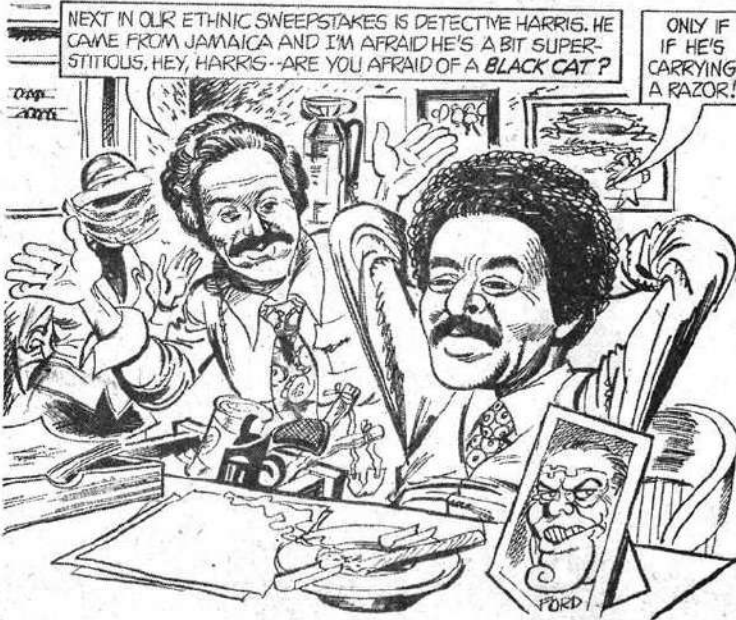


GOOD LUCK IS HAVING A HEART ATTACK IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.



BAD LUCK IS HAVING A HEART ATTACK IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE WHEN THE DOCTOR IS OUT TO LUNCH.







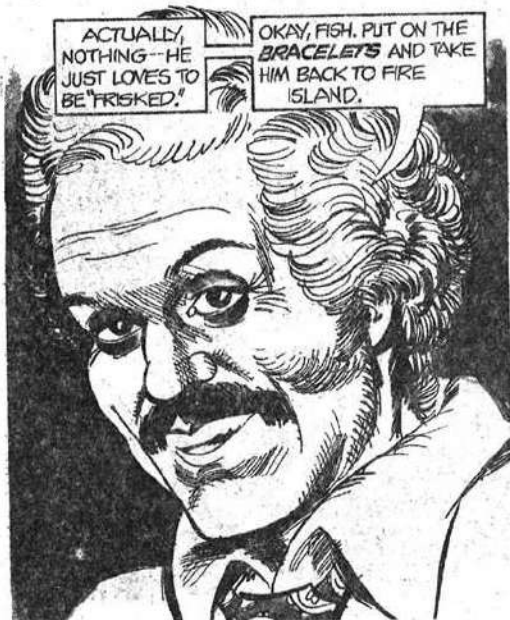
HEY, CAPTAIN, SHALL I PUT HER IN A CELL WITH A COT?

OF COURSE NOT, WOULD. MAKE HER FEEL AT HOME--USE THE ONE WITH THE WATERBED!



WHO HAVE YOU GOT THERE, FISH? OH, NO, NOT YOU AGAIN, "BRUCE!"

WHAT DID HE DO?



ACTUALLY, NOTHING--HE JUST LOVES TO BE "FRISKED."

OKAY, FISH. PUT ON THE BRACELETS AND TAKE HIM BACK TO FIRE ISLAND.



BRACELETS? OH GOODIE--DOES THIS MEAN WE ARE ENGAGED?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

JUST FOR THAT, I'M WITHDRAWING MY APPLICATION FOR THE POLICE FORCE!

AS A COP?

NO--AS A "METER-MAID!"

CLICK!



HEY, CAPTAIN---HERE'S MY FELLOW "KAMIKAZE" AGAIN.

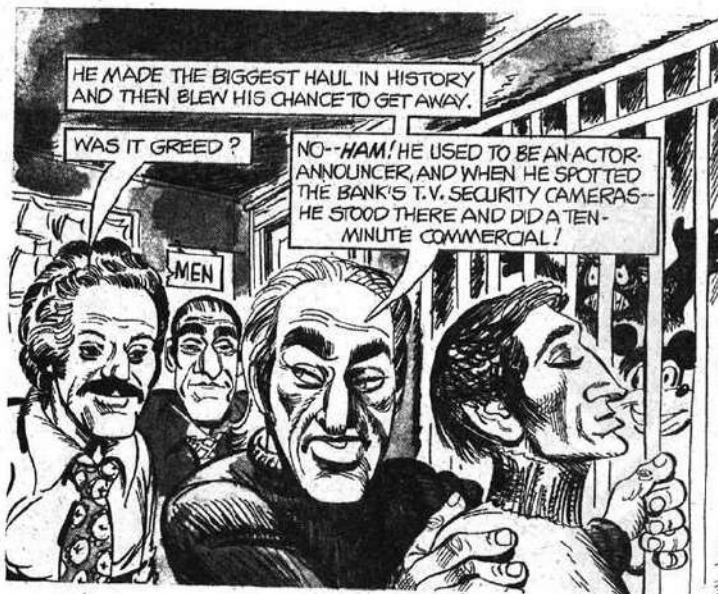
WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT?

HE KEEPS TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW.



CAPTAIN, I'M SURPRISED AT YOUR CALLOUSNESS. HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE AND SHOW ABSOLUTELY NO EMOTION, WHILE THIS POOR LOST SOUL THREATENS TO LEAP TO A TERRIFYING DEATH?

WHAT TERRIFYING DEATH?--HE LIVES ON THE GROUND FLOOR! HEY, CHANO--WHO'S THAT LULU?





ALL RIGHT, CHESNEY--WE'VE ONLY GOT 20 MINUTES LEFT FOR LUNCH, SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE? BACON AND TOMATO?--HAM ON RYE--OR A CHEESEBURGER?

OKAY, WOJO. HE "DESERVES A BREAK TODAY"--RUN DOWN TO "MCDONALD'S" FOR A BIGMAC!

CAPTAIN, YOU'VE MADE A BELIEVER OF ME. SO I'M GOING TO REVEAL TO YOU SOMETHING OF A TERRIBLY INTIMATE NATURE.



ON MY WAY OVER TO THE PRECINCT, I WAS ATTACKED. YOU SEE, ALL THROUGH MY LIFE, MY BEAUTY HAS BEEN A CURSE. I'M SO WILDLY DESIRABLE THAT MEN CAN'T KEEP THEIR HANDS OFF ME.

SAY NO MORE. WE PICKED UP A LOT OF SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS TODAY--LET'S GO DOWN TO THE LINE-UP.



THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE ONE WHO FORCED HIS ATTENTIONS ON ME!

MAYBE YOU BETTER TAKE OFF YOUR VEIL--SO THAT YOU CAN BE ABSOLUTELY SURE.



BELLA ABZUG!!!

WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO SEND HIM TO SING SING FOR PUNISHMENT?

NO--TO AN OPTICIAN--FOR GLASSES!



the END

GOOD LUCK BAD LUCK

GOOD LUCK IS GETTING A STRAIGHT FLUSH IN A DRAW POKER GAME.



BAD LUCK IS GETTING A STRAIGHT FLUSH IN A DRAW POKER GAME AND REALIZE YOU'VE GOT 6 CARDS.



GOOD LUCK IS STAKING A CLAIM IN ALASKA, DIGGING A HOLE AND STRIKING OIL.



BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT YOU STRUCK OIL BECAUSE YOU PUNCTURED THE ALASKAN PIPELINE.



GOOD LUCK IS CALLING THE ELECTRIC COMPANY TO TELL THEM THAT THEY MADE A MISTAKE ON YOUR BILL AND HAVING THEM AGREE WITH YOU.



BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT YOU OWE THEM MORE THAN THEY CHARGED YOU FOR.



FATHERS &

Art by Dave Manak

He's a man of a few words ...



... but his wife never lets him use them.

He brings home the bacon ...



... and she keeps serving him TV dinners.

He has a suit for every day in the week ...



... the one he's wearing.

He runs things around his home ...



... the lawn mower, the dishwasher, the vacuum cleaner.

He wears the pants in the house ...



... under his pink and blue apron.

A great outdoors man ...



... that's where he sleeps after a fight with the wife.

MOTHERS

She can spend hours on the phone ...



... even if it's a wrong number.

She likes to write ...



... checks, checks and more checks.

She can keep a secret ...



... for about two minutes.

She's a good driver ...



... now she just runs into cheap things.

She can dish it out ...



... but she can't cook it.

After all, they make an ideal couple ...

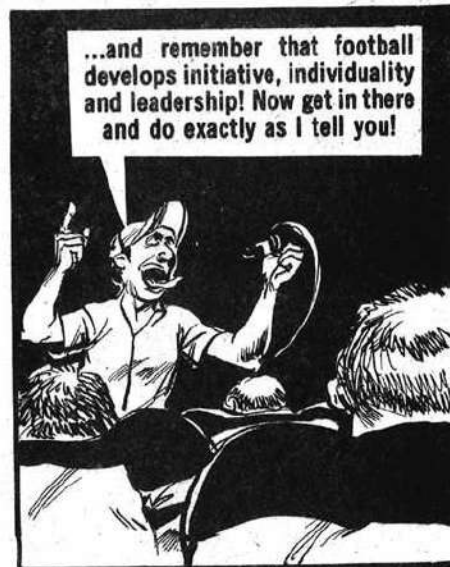
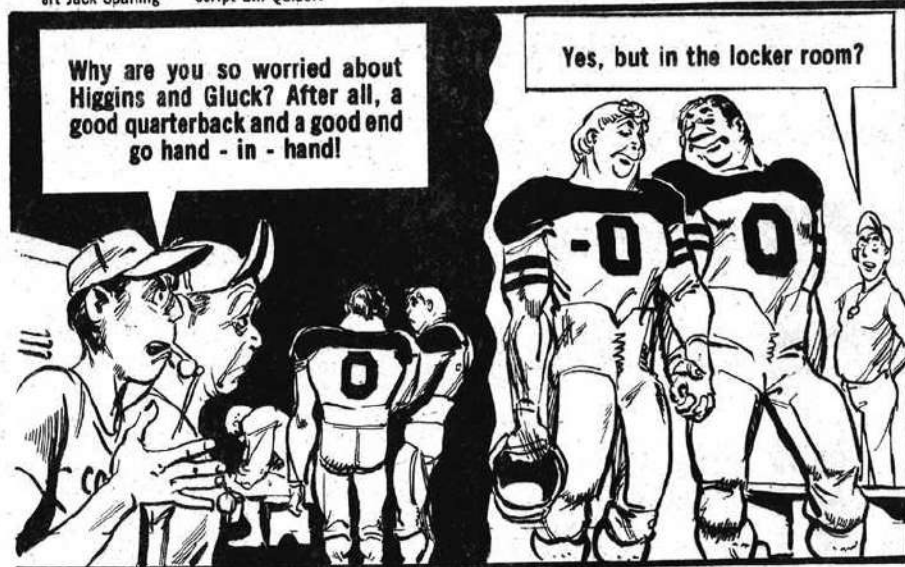


... he makes the money and she spends it. (Quickly)

Here's our salute to the number one spectator sport in the country. No, not girl - watching. That's the number one spectator sport in the city. In the country it's pigskin - watching, as we now view...

art Jack Sparling script Bill Quidort

THE SICK SIDE

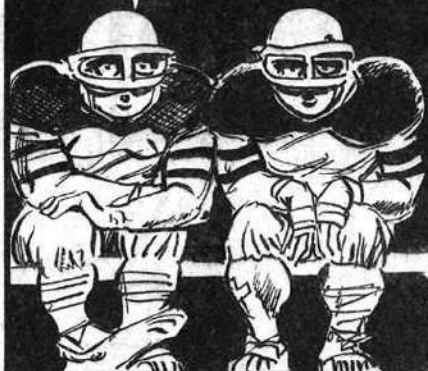


OF PRO-FOOTBALL

Everybody's a specialist in football today. They just hired a guy to wet the finger of the guy holding the ball for the guy to kick it!



So what happened when the quarterback walked off with the right guard?



He left his teammates defenseless!

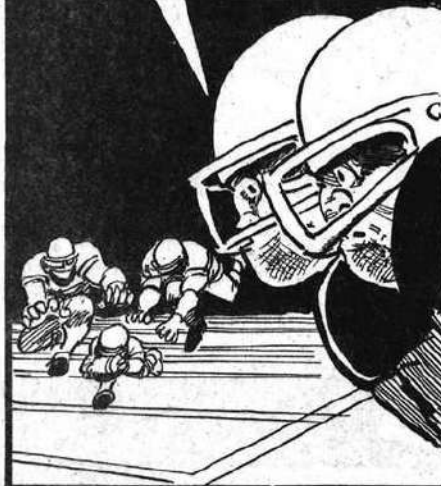


That Sturdley is a real showoff! Did you see him run with the ball right into where the fans were sitting?



Yeah, that was a grandstand play if ever I saw one!

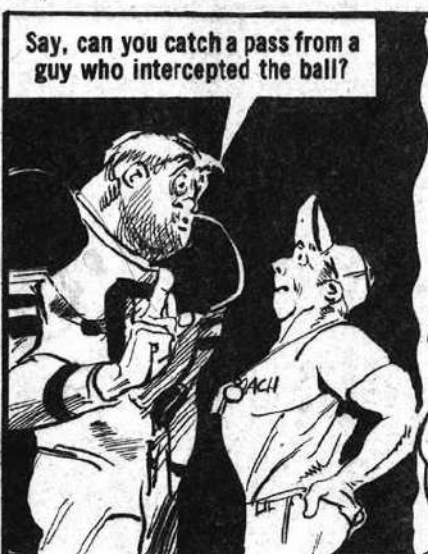
Did you hear? We just hired a midget fullback. We're using him to go under the line!



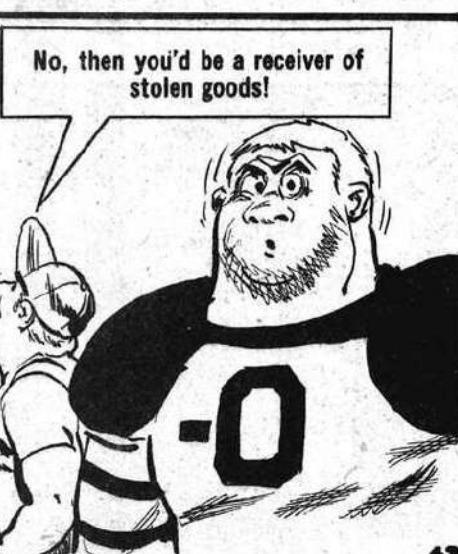
I just had a crazy thought. Do you think they'd ever call a night game on account of daylight?



Say, can you catch a pass from a guy who intercepted the ball?

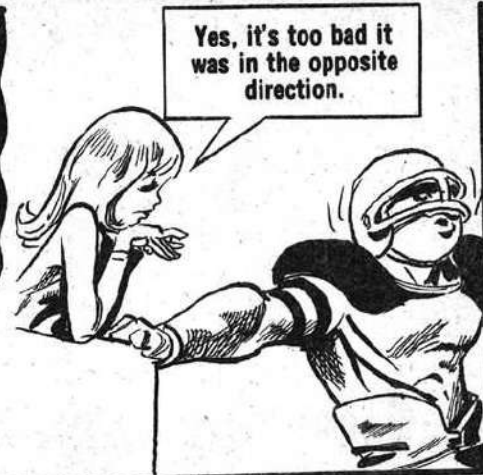


No, then you'd be a receiver of stolen goods!





Did you like the way I ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown today?

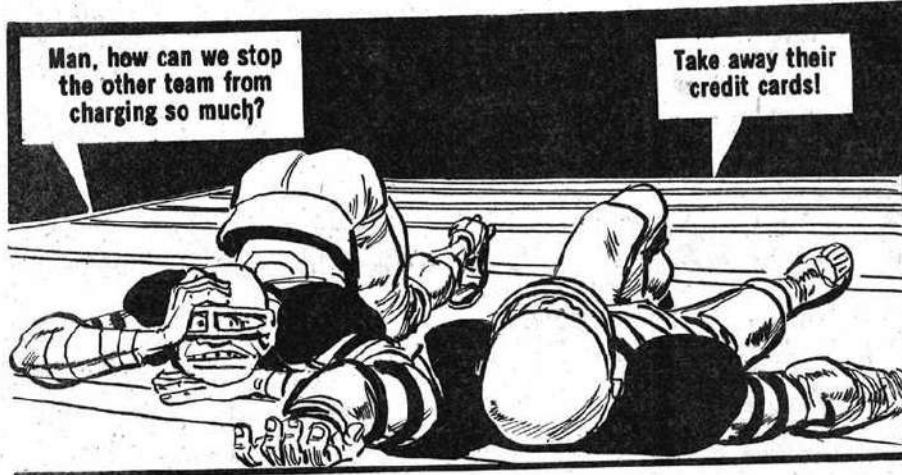


Yes, it's too bad it was in the opposite direction.



Jenkins, you've been sitting on the bench all season. Get ready for the game?

Gush, you mean you're putting me in?



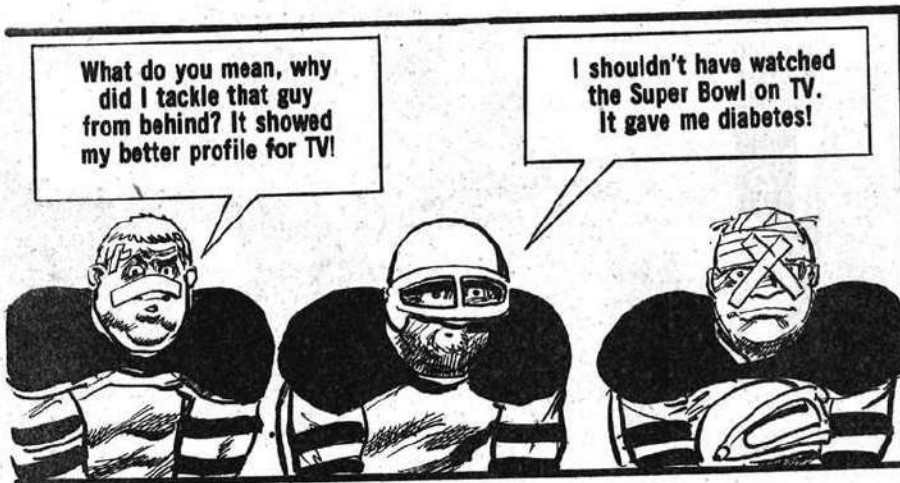
Man, how can we stop the other team from charging so much?

Take away their credit cards!



My brother made a 98-yard-run in yesterday's game!

That's great!

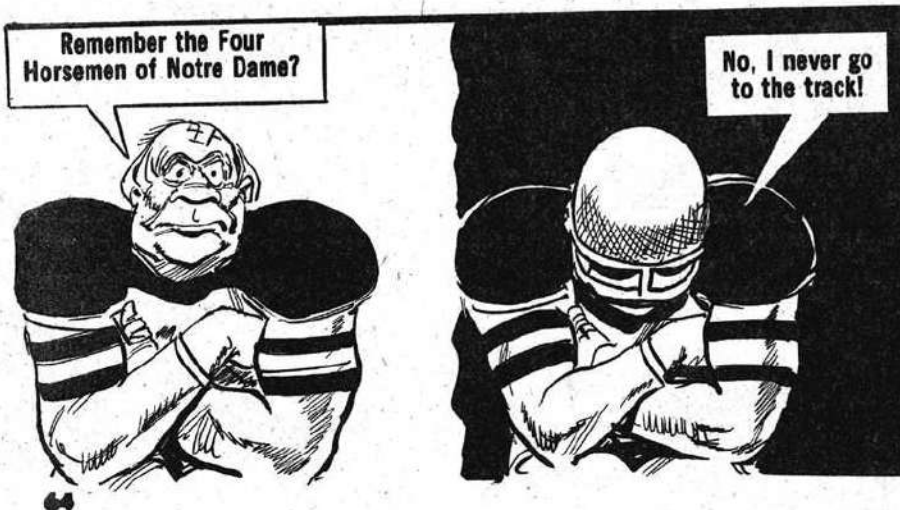


What do you mean, why did I tackle that guy from behind? It showed my better profile for TV!

I shouldn't have watched the Super Bowl on TV. It gave me diabetes!

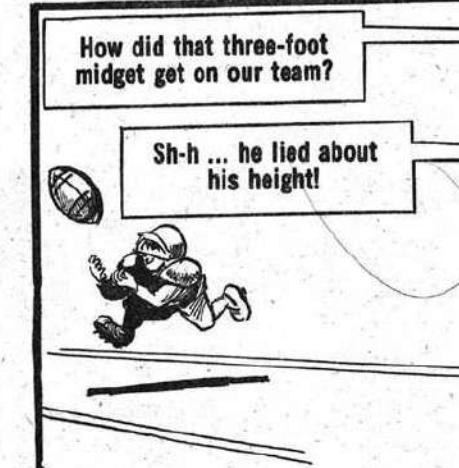


Some girl I was out with last night. I asked her if she knew what a pigskin was used for. She said it was to hold the pig together!



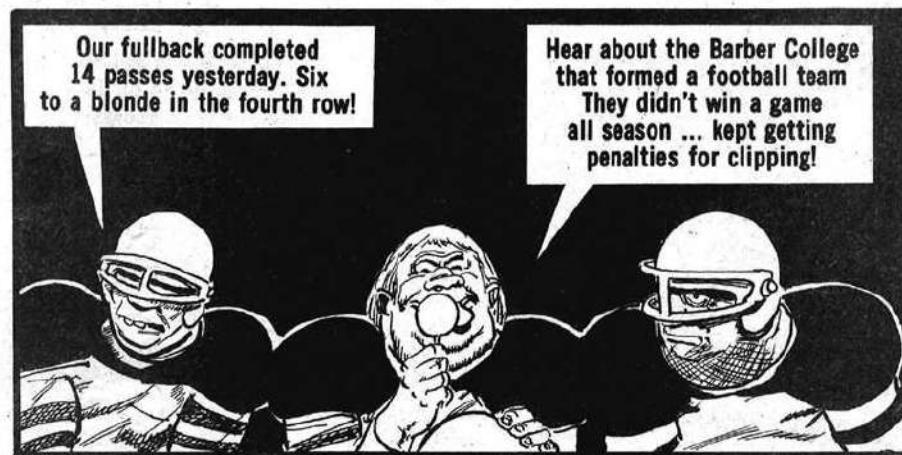
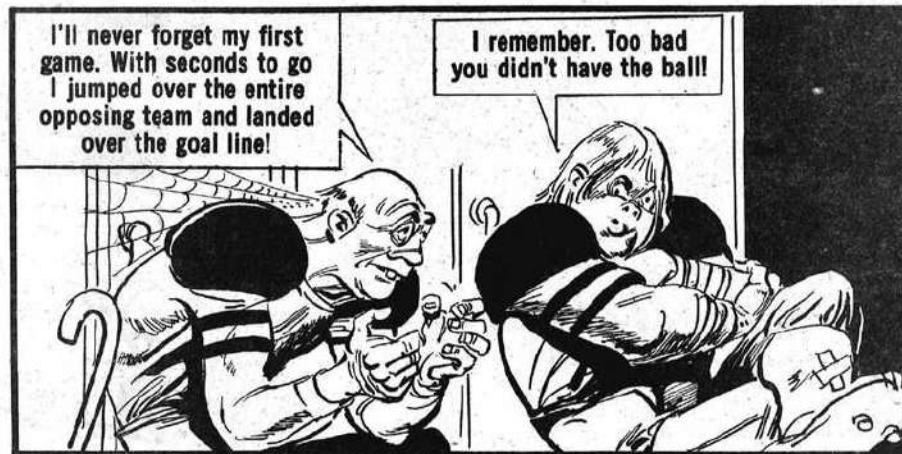
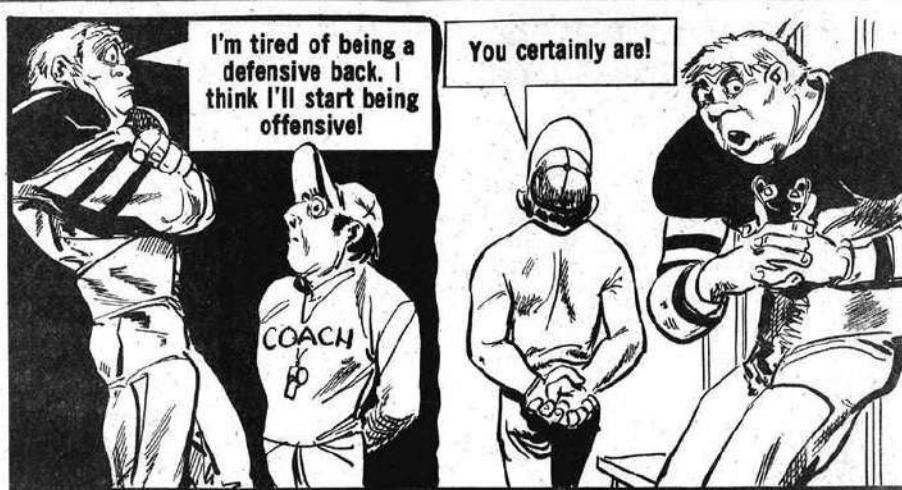
Remember the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame?

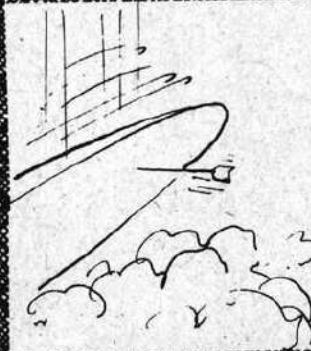
No, I never go to the track!

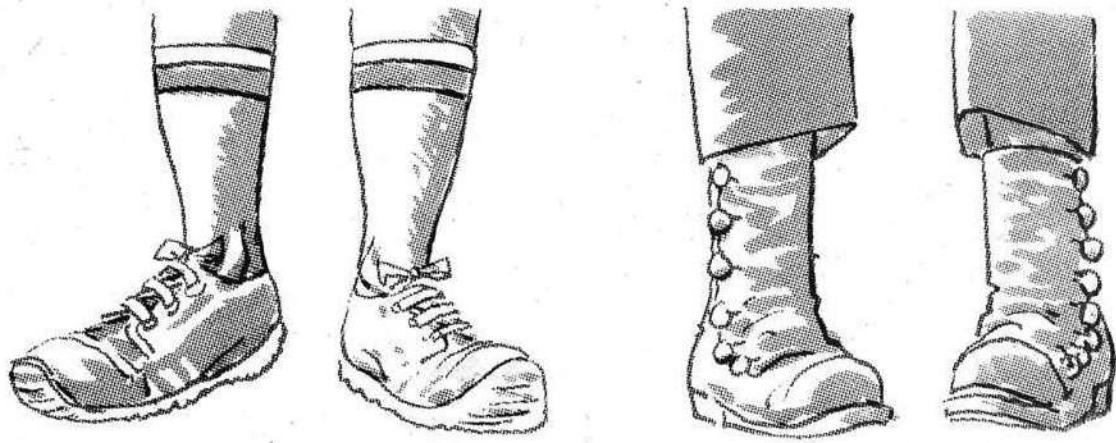


How did that three-foot midget get on our team?

Sh-h ... he lied about his height!







**NONE
OF THE
ABOVE!**

